

# *The* SILENT WORKER



No. 2 Vol. 41

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# *The Silent Worker*

*An Illustrated Bi-Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

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Volume 41 No. 2

Trenton, N. J., December, 1928

50 Cents a Copy

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## Deaf Persons *of* Note



*Horace William Buell, Chicago. Bookkeeper, Auditor of Accounts, etc. For further particulars see page sixty seven*

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# Little Journeys in Bohemia

By Kelly H. Stevens

**M**AY SEVENTEENTH was the day of my first bull-fight. The convention in honor of Pedro Ponce de Leon was in session. It being the king's birthday, the whole city of Madrid was hung with flags, and the *Corrida* that afternoon was a special bull-fight held in Alfonso's honor. In former times the bull-fights took place on Monday, so to this day the sign for Monday among the Spanish deaf is the sign for *bull* made by extending the index and little fingers of the right hand and giving them an upward thrusting motion. Modern convenience has moved the date to Sunday, and on Sundays all the big fights fall, except those that are given on special occasions.

Our crowd met for a glass of coffee at the *Granja* and made our exodus to the subway. The trains were jammed. We waited for several trains filled with excited fans bound for the Plaza de Toros. Finally, we squeezed into a train which stopped and arrived in front of the arena just in time. A vast crowd was streaming in at the doors. Improvident and disappointed would-be spectators were faced by a row of closed ticket windows bearing the legend "No hay billetes"—sold out!

Elbowing in the crowd and guided by our Spanish friends we found our places—high up in the *sombra* or shady side of the ring—but not, as we Americans prefer them, near an exit! I found myself wedged in between Ramon de Zubiaurre and Miss Colas. There was just time enough for a glance around to gain an impression of the huge circle, rising tier on tier, an atoll of human faces, agitated, anticipating, some a bit fearful. Vendors of dulces climbing up and down the benches. Men with armfuls of cushions to alleviate the hard boards.

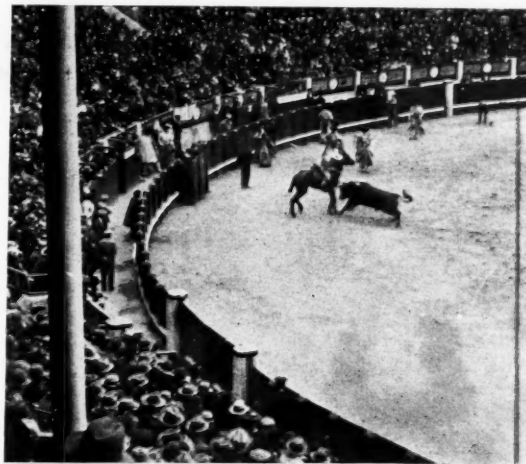


*Singling one out for attack*

Cushions being catapulted up to those desiring to rent them and dexterously caught. Coins showering down to the cushion porters. In the crimson and gold draped royal box were seated the Prince of the Asturias and Don Jaime, his deaf brother. In the sand of the arena, scarce obliterated by fresh sprinklings, an ominous red ring. All about an undercurrent of excitement—for

today two of Spain's greatest matadors, Marcial Lalanda and Cayetano Ordóñez (popularly *Nino de la Palma*) were going to appear.

Trumpets cut the air like blades. Across the arena,



*The moment of impact*

opposite the royal box, double doors flung open and a procession issued, parading straight across the sand towards the crimson-draped box. First, several mounted police or masters of the game; eight chulos afoot, walking with graceful stride, cerise cloaks folded on their shoulders; half a dozen picadors on their apologies for steeds, old decrepit horses, past use; three jaunty matadors, the heroes of the afternoon; and a team of gay harnessed mules for dragging out carcasses. As the music stopped, the procession halted and bowed low beneath the royal box. Mules and matadors retired, the chulos and picadors ranged themselves along one side of the ring, and an expectant hush fell. The master of ceremonies threw down the keys of the bull-pen. An instant later a small door opened and a bull dashed out into the sunlight, maddened by the goad of a steel barb which was driven into his neck from above at the instant of release. From the barb a rosette of ribbon dangled. The dazed animal circled around for a few minutes, more frightened than angry, ignoring the waving cerise cloaks. Not much spirit to the bull. The crowd yelled "Take him out!" At last he paused, took a long survey, fixed his attention on one waving cloak and made a tentative rush. The chulo stepped nimbly aside and was ready to receive the return rush of the animal. Again the chulo's dexterity saved him. He exhibited different passes, twists and turns, escaping being gored by a seeming miracle. When he tired, another chulo took up the game, and again another. When too hotly pressed they dodged for the bolt holes in the barrier, or else leaped nimbly over.

Now came the most tragic moment. A picador urged his horse forward from the lee of the barrier. The poor beast sensed the danger, despite his bandaged eyes, and hesitated. An attendant rapped his hind legs smartly with a pole. He skittered forward to meet the on-charging bull. A dull thud. Agonized hoofs beating

the air. Sharp horns withdrawn, dyed in gore. The horse rolls over, the rider saves himself behind the cerise chulo cloaks, the bull charged again. The horse struggles to his feet, a coiled horror issuing from his severed abdomen. He suffers silently. His vocal cords have been previously cut to prevent his agonizing screams. The fury of the bull is diverted by the cerise cloaks,

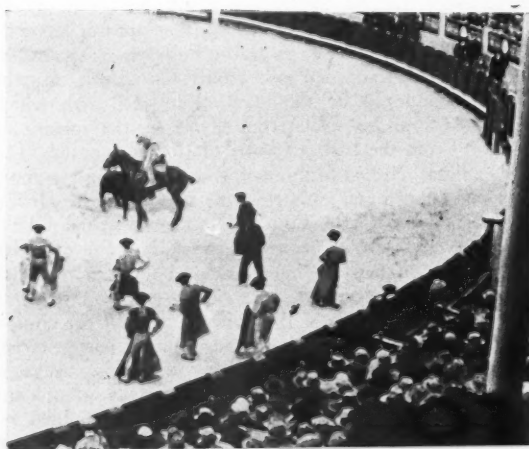


*The bull charges again*

while the poor mount is led away and mercifully dispatched. This is the time when Americans usually leave the ring.

As this bull is not a spirited one a second horse is not wasted on him. The business is going to be expedited. A *banderillero* advances lightly and mincingly into the center of the arena, bearing two long be-frilled darts or *banderillos*. He capers a bit to attract the bull's attention, then stands poised to receive the animal's headlong rush. The darts are neatly placed, the man takes a quick turn aside. Two more rushes drive four more *banderillos* into the bull's shoulders. His bellowing becomes terrific. The terrible goads pierce his thick hide and bite into his flesh. He leaps into the air, striving to shake these stinging torments from his flesh, while a flood of gore pours over his shoulders.

At this juncture my head began to whirl. Banderillero and bull merged into a strange kaleidoscope. The vast circle of faces grew more blurred. I realized I was going to faint, clasped my hands tightly over my camera and said to myself: "I will not! I will not!" for I feared the ridicule of my Spanish friends if I passed out and fainted on the adjoining lady's breast. I felt deathly



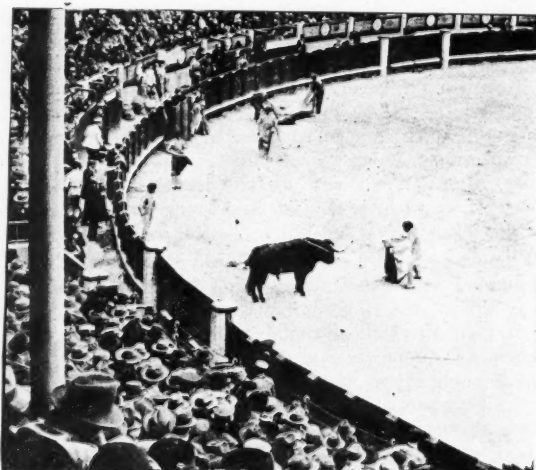
*Chulos to the rescue of the picador*

sick. A cold sweat stood on my forehead; my palms were drenched. Ramon de Z nudged me and said something. I nodded absently, the signs conveyed no meaning. I grew hot and cold by turns. And then the dizziness clear-

ed away. I saw the matador advancing toward his victim, a sword in one hand, and in the other a triangular piece of red cloth fastened to a sharp stick. This is called the *muleta*. The matador made several passes with this, fooling the bull again and again as the chulos had done.

The bull was skittish—the first sword was badly placed. It went only part way in, and was tossed by a movement of the bull high into the air. A howl of derision went up from the benches. Sometimes such a flying sword kills a bull-fighter or a spectator. The second sword-thrust was bungled also. The third sword went home. The bull refused to die—the cerise cloaks were called into play, and caused him to turn his head from side to side. The bull staggered, sank, fell flat, and was dragged out.

A short breathing spell allowed me to emerge completely from my faintness. The fateful gate opened again with a bang. The second bull rushed out, trembled a moment, and stood still. He gazed about, thinking perhaps



*Manoeuvring the bull into position for the matador's thrust*

that the sunshine was that of his native Andalusian fields, that he was again free to roam them, majestic and unmolested. Then, as the glare gave place to vision he saw the red cloaks waving, singled one out and made a swift, determined rush. *Bravo Toro!* This was an animal of fire and courage. Chulo after chulo tried the cloak play—the men tired, not the bull. Once we had a throat-choking thrill. A chulo, who was running from the bull, lost his footing and fell, leaving his cloak on the pointed horns. The bull could not check his headlong rush, but trampled over the man, from feet to head, and clearing him, tore the cloak to ribbons. The torador had the presence of mind to lie perfectly still until the bull could be distracted by the other chulos. He made good his escape, bruised and shaken, but ungored.

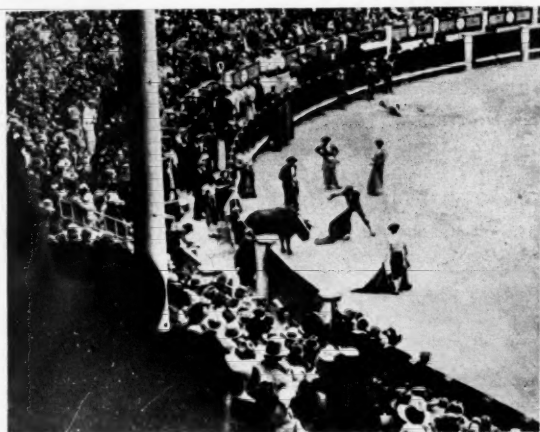
Three horses were killed—scenes of dreadful agony ensued as the poor beasts struggled in their death throes. At each impact the picador tore the bull's flesh with a blunt spear, fell with his horse, and was rescued. His armored and padded trousers saved him from the horns. Fans went up before the ladies' faces at the disembowelments—even the most hardened would glance aside until the poor horses were dispatched.

The great *espada* Lalanda was to kill this bull. A roar of applause arose as the last *banderillo* was placed. Lalanda, attired in purple and silver, made his bow before the royal box, dedicated the bull he was about to



kill to majesty, turned, gave his cloak to an attendant, and tossed his black beretta behind him into the tiers of seats.

The bull, a little tired, stood regarding the man.



*The death thrust of the matador. In the left hand he holds the muleta*

Lalanda fell to his knees and advanced on them—a gesture of bravado which set the crowd wild. The adversary charged—it seemed that the intrepid blade would be gored—but no, he whirled quickly aside, still on his knees, and then arose, among prolonged applause, to exhibit his *pases de muleta*. Roar after roar swept the seats at each escape of the great matador. He played on and on with the bull, tricking it with the little red triangle, while he manoeuvred it into position for the final thrust. A quick rush of the bull, and the sword went to the heart. The bull dropped like a shot—dead! The arena was beyond itself. A shower of hats fell around the idolized matador. Lalanda gathered them up, and with bow after bow circled them back to their owners.



*The chulo's cloaks were called into play, and caused the bull to wag his head from side to side*

Bull fighting is done before one of the most critical optinences in the world. Each step in the game, each action, is governed by a strict set of rules, and it must be made in perfect form, with skill and grace. Where bungling might cost a man his life, it is inevitable that such a rigid code of rules should exist, and that such a critical attitude grow up among the fans. Bull fighting

is far from being a sport, according to Anglo-Saxon standards. The animals that enter the ring, both horses and bulls, are doomed from the first, and have absolutely no chance. The horses are murdered, perishing in a horrible death. The bulls pass from torment to torment, each planned to increase their ire, and are at last slain by an elaborate ritual. Yet, if one may put aside his prejudices for a while, and stifle his humanitarian instincts, he cannot but be thrilled by the grace and skill of the men who enter the ring, by their daring and hardihood and their narrow escapes. He will find the spectacle, for it can not be called a sport, both thrilling and fascinating. Because bull fighting is a cruel spectacle, it must not be assumed that the Spanish, who tolerate it and enjoy it, are a cruel people—on the contrary, they are, as a race, most gentle and humane. The bull fight is a strange paradox which seems utterly inconsistent with the Spanish character.

Four other bulls finished the afternoon's spectacle.



*Scenes of dreadful agony. The horse is in his death throes, and is about to be dispatched by the attendant*

Lalanda killed yet another bull—the fifth. The Child of the Palm killed the third and sixth, and received almost as many acclamations. One bull parried the swords so skilfully that eight were used before a blow went home. One clever, malign, bull came on, who singled out his man and refused to be distracted. He forced a chulo into the middle of the ring, far from the refuge of the barrier and the helping cerise cloaks. The chulo kept up his cloak play until he lost his nerve. He then started to run. The bull gained on him. The unfortunate man dropped his cloak, hoping the bull would pause to worry it, but this bull was too cunning to be fooled by a piece of silk. He was almost upon the man. The crowd rose in their seats. People went white and crossed themselves. The man was doomed. Then, just as the bull was about to impale him, at the instant when we expected to see sharp horns transfix the unhappy varlet's back, the bull slipped and fell! The chulo reached a bolt hole in the barricade and darted through.

As the last bull fell, the crowd rose, breathing freely for the first time that afternoon. I felt strangely weak. It was not until then that I realized the exhausting power of the emotional strain I had been under. A host of gamins rushed into the ring, to kick and belabor the dead bull, and to cut off his ears and pull out the banderillos as souvenirs.

*(To be concluded)*



## SILENTDOM'S Summer Sensations



J. Frederick Meagher



NASMUCH as there were no summer issues of the SILENT WORKER, subscribers request a brief (very brief) resume of some of the principal events of the past summer, 1928. (Late—as usual!)

Therefore give ye ear unto mine words of zeugmatic wisdom (there; I have for years been trying to find an excuse to use that word. The smaller the sap, the bigger his phrases.)

That "Porter Number," the July SILENT WORKER, was a humdinger. Eight poems; 33 articles on Pop Porter; nine other articles; six editorials; 38 half-tones; 16 cuts or cartoons! It was the talk of the town; and rightly so. The able editors of that issue were Superintendent Alvin E. Pope, Athletic Coach Frederick Moore, and J. L. Johnson, principal of the Industrial Department. Those three plucky lads put it over in jimdandy style—and, if I know the game, they probably finished with a fervent "never again!" For setting out a good magazine is like scoring a touchdown on Notre Dame. Awfully easy—until you try.



The big bombshell of the past summer was the report that Publisher Porter would suddenly step out of the picture, and our SILENT WORKER would be silent indeed. But there is a God in heaven, and that dread day is deferred for one year, at least. Meantime, what plan can you devise for supporting a strong independent periodical when the inevitable happens?

Yes; YOU!

Porter's at work on the Worker's,  
Telling our tidings in type;  
None of his laddies are shirkers  
When news of our needs is ripe.  
The leaves that we love still leaven  
A year of our lonely lives—  
Extolling our fame without shadow of shame—  
Porter, our pilot, thrives!

Washington crossed the Delaware at Trenton. And Porter double-crossed the Della Ware of bad luck at Trenton also!



The only national convention of the deaf last summer was that of the Knights and Ladies of De l'Epee—the Roman Catholic counterpart of our N. F. S. D. — which met in Cincinnati, July 1—7. While having a much smaller field to draw on than our frat, the KDL makes a creditable showing.

But there were conventions, fraternivals, reunions, and soforth galore. The two Big Bugs of Deafdom—Gibson and Roberts—ran around in circles, attending a goodly number "drumming up trade."



And the Knockers' Klub went into serene session at each and every convention. Oh, well, as Leon Harvat says: "To escape criticism—do nothing, say nothing, be nothing."

The "Dixie Association of the Deaf" was born with a small but select convention in Raleigh, North Carolina, August 23—26. High lights were:

Decision to foster "Industrial Bureaus for the Deaf" in every state, on report of Hugh C. Miller—chief of North Carolina bureau—that he had secured jobs for 110 silents the past year, despite the industrial depression.

Decision to establish one large "Southern Home for Aged Deaf," appointing a chairman for each southern state who will raise funds and collect data—this data to determine the location of the Home when submitted to next summer's convention in Atlanta.

A wise realization that this "sponging off the school papers" can not go on forever; and financial support was thereon given a *DAD Booster*. President to appoint all editorial staff; paper sent free to members; dues of \$1 per year will be hoisted next summer—for printing costs money.

Excellent start. The great and powerful NAD is always glad to see such enthusiastic sectional activity, for it brings in fresh blood which otherwise we would never secure. Sooner or later when the final show-down comes, we deaf will have to fight for our autos and citizenship rights—and then we will need every man, and every dollar, and every allied organization!

Oldest organization: The 75th anniversary—Diamond Jubilee—of the New England Gallaudet Association, in Portland, Maine.

Addressing the Illinois Association of the Deaf convention, President Arthur L. Roberts of our N. A. D. announced the policy of our organization is no longer antagonistic to pure-oralism. "However," our leader qualified, "If a deaf child can not be taught well by the pure-oral method, he should not be denied the opportunities of the other method."

Roberts also says New Hampshire is now the only state where the official issuing auto licenses can exercise an option of refusing deaf applicants.

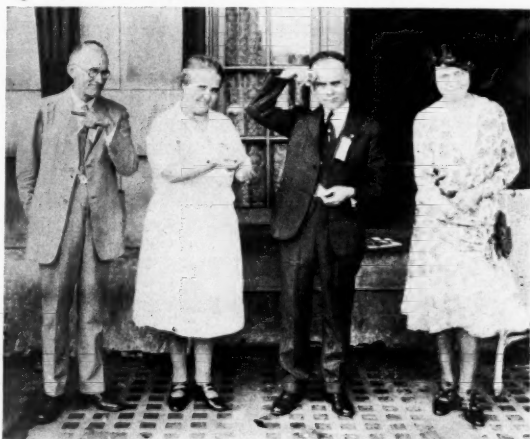
At the Illinois convention banquet—a wonderful fun-fest patterned after the Washington-Denver jamborees—119 out of the 164 registered badge wearers sat in, for a percentage of .743. If you know of a better record, please advise this column.



## EXTRA!

Iowa's convention just went Illinois one better, with 190 banqueters out of 203 registrants—percentage .931!

Edwin Hazel (Omaha) started something at the Illinois feed which should become a standard procedure at other deaf banquets. Responding to "Who's Who—and What of It," he briefly sketched a few words about each of two dozen individuals present, requesting them to rise and take a bow. The wonder is nobody thought afterwards, were distinguished deaf I had long wanted to meet—and did not even know were present. of this before. For at every convention, as learn-



## "PEORIA GIVES US A WARM WELCOME"

That's what these conventioners are signing. Left to right: Pres. Rodenberger indicating "Peoria." Mrs. Gus Hyman, superintendent of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf, signs "Gives us." Next isn't Lon Chaney; it's NAD President Arthur Roberts mopping his brow in the sign "Warm." Last is a visitor, Miss Yetta Baggerman, a teacher in the Oklahoma school, signs "Welcome."

That dream of a free junior college for the deaf, under the auspices of the University of Illinois, to emphasize vocational training, is drawing nearer fulfillment. Our Robey Burns has interested several influential politicians and publishers in the matter, and the U. of Ill. heads are reported favorably disposed.



Jacques Alexander, New York artist, attended the World's Congress of the Deaf in Prague, Austria, as delegate of the NFSD.

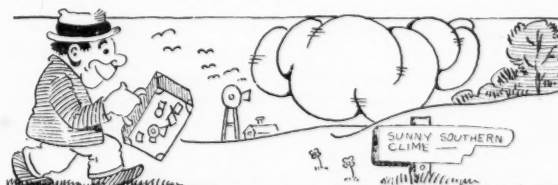
Gallaudet College conferred the degree "Master of Arts" on our Gib. "Francis P. Gibson. M. A." he can now sign himself. Editor Gibson will hereafter return all poems submitted to *The Frat* stamped "M. A.," leaving us poets to wonder if the letters stand for "Marvelous Achievement," or "Monstrous Atrocity."



## PALE PAWS SPELL "P-E-O-R-I-A"

A few of the pawns at the Peoria (Illinois) convention. Left to right:—Pres. A. J. Rodenberger; Vice-pres. Rev. H. Rutherford; Sec'y and Local Chairman Mrs. Grace Lord; Banquet "Boastmaster" J. Frederick Meagher; F. P. Gibson (nobody ever heard of him before); Treasurer R. Burns, the Illinois football coach.

She's dead. Gwendolyn Caswell Parmalee, the beautiful little dancing star of Wondra's 1924 "St. Paul Follies," who innocently started that "restore hearing by airplane" fake, died in Chicago from spinal meningitis, August 27. Buried next day, for spin-men is highly contagious.



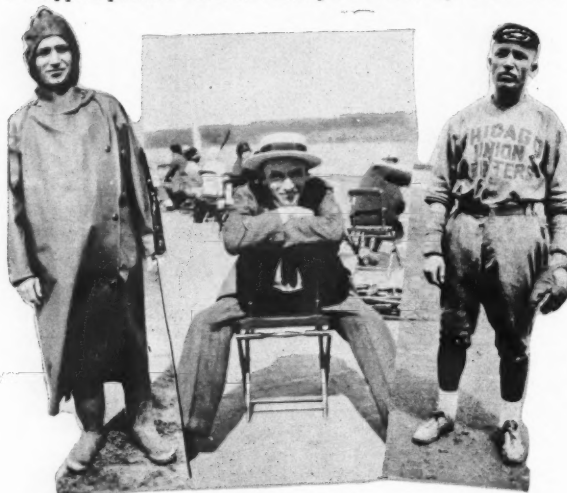
Elwood A. Stevenson, his Star of Destiny riding high, leaves Minnesota as mere superintendent of the state school to become the first Napoleon of any state—California. By a change in the laws—which Stevenson demanded before acceptance—he is not only head of the California state school in Berkeley but head of all the day schools in nine cities; head of a special normal training department in the University of California; and in fact the alpha-omega of the alphabet.

Stevenson is the son of deaf parents, and his wife is the daughter of J. Schuyler Long, Iowa's deaf poet. His methods, when head of the Kansas and Minnesota schools, stamp him as sound, sane and sensible—a foe of fakes, flamdoodle and ballyhoo. His elevation to the prize-plum of all deaf teacherdom on that record, will signal stop-look-listen to pedagogical pharoahs who believe bunk, blab and blatter are stepping-stones to success.

Victor O. Skyberg leaves the Gallaudet College faculty to succeed Stevenson in Minnesota. If Skyberg will ship an annual car-load of prime Swedish beef, on the hoof, to bolster Gallaudet's football line, all will be hunky-dory.



Jack Seipp kept third-base hot in the Union Printers' Baseball Championship tournament at Boston. He batted .307; made seven runs from eight hits—excelled in base-stealing; was credited with an unassisted double-play. His Chicago team took second to Washington in the final game of the tournament. Seipp—recalled as a star on the Gallaudet College teams of 1920-'23—is a linotype operator on the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*.



Seipp Seppel

Jack Seipp, the baseball star, arrayed for a tour of Niagara Falls. "It was somewhat wet," he explains, "especially across the border in Canada." Wonder what he means? Possibly Seipp seeked, seized and sipped sociable samples. In the middle he is sailing the historic Hudson—but why is he grinning so happily? Right: on the National League Field in Boston, as third-baseman for the Chicago Union Printers' nine, defending champions. Rare specimen; one, of the few remaining eligible bachelors. Leap here, Leap Year. Mash notes and marriage proposals may be addressed to him care of the Dead Letter office, Washington.

*Harpers* for July had a reproduction of "Grandmother and Granddaughter" by Valentin Zubiaurre—one of the two Spanish artists so popular at the court of Spain.

Only one of the victorious American team at the Olympic games was the son of deaf parents—Harlowe Rothert, of Los Angeles. And America had no representative in the FIRST "World's Olympic Games for the Deaf." Put that in your pipe and smoke it.



Ellis MacDonald, son of deaf parents (remember his write-up in the Nadio pages?) again rowed on the University of Washington crew in the Poughkeepsie Regatta, June 19. His "Huskies" finished third behind California and Columbia. The Californians then went to Amsterdam, where they won the eight-oar Olympiad.

Three coaches of our schools took the football course at the State Teachers' College (Superior, Wis.)—that's where President Coolidge summered, and they saw him. This is the first time in history special provision was made for the deaf at a coaches' school. Arthur Norris, who changes from Indiana to Missouri, was interpreter; while Robey Burns, of Illinois, and G. Adams, of Mississippi were students. Among the instructors were Bill Roper, of Princeton; Howard Jones, of Southern California, and Archie Hahn, of Michigan—the 1906 Olympic champion.



Another deaf coach, Birney Wright—who switches from Ohio to Michigan—took the six week coaches' course at the University of Illinois under Huff and Zupke—developers of "Red" Grange. Burns and Ted Hughes of Gallaudet also studied there in past years, to the distinct betterment of their football teams.

By the way, that Ringle who has been making football history on Foltz' Kansas Cyclones for several hundred years past finally breezed passed the barrier and enters Gallaudet this fall. Motto for Gallaudet's opponents: "Gawd help the poor sailor on a night like this!"



"Deaf-Mutes play this game of football best," declared the University of Wisconsin coach, Glenn Thistlethwaite, in a chalk-talk and rules review before his squad, the daily papers report. "Keep going with the ball until it is blown dead, and you find yourself fast in the grip of an opponent," he continued—putting stress on the fact that a man should have no ears for timekeepers' guns or umpires' horns so long as he has the ball in his arms and is headed for the right goal.

Two B. A.'s of the class of 1876, Gallaudet College, celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversaries last summer. William G. Jones, beloved Fanwood instructor and inimitable mimic, celebrated his in New York, June 3rd. Illinois Conventioners gave \$50 in gold when Dudley W. George observed his 50th anniversary in Jacksonville, August twentieth.

The first fifty years are the hardest. W. K. Liddy, returning to Detroit from Windsor, Canada, was stopped by customs officers, who wrote: "Got any wet goods?"

"Yes," answered the fun-loving Irishman. So the thirsty custom officers eagerly searched him and his baggage; but found no bottles.

"Where?" they finally wrote, hopefully.

Liddy dived into his bag and picked up two wet bathing suits.

Customs men blinked sleepy eyelids a moment, then a faint glimmer of comprehension came. "That 'dummy' ain't as dumb as we are," one remarked.





The National Research Council, division of anthropology and psychology, has appointed ten sub-committees composed of specialists, to "study and report on the emotional and social difficulties of the deaf and hard-of-hearing." This may become the biggest blessing of our clan. "I shalt lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh mine help."

A deaf-mute, Robert W. Isaacs, will cast an electoral vote for Al Smith, if New Mexico goes Democratic in the November elections. He was selected one of his state's three presidential electors.

Kreigh B. Ayers (Akron) is stumping the states for Hoover—paid by the Republicans.

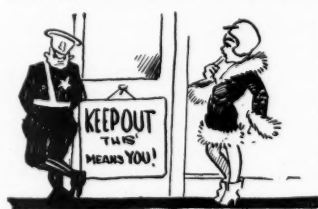
John Purdum (Little Rock, Ark.) came to Chicago after a lapse of several years. Went out to see the house and lot he owns in Oak Park. Found a "For Sale" sign up—which struck him as strange. Posing as a prospective purchaser. "Who owns this place?" he finally asked the lady.

"I do, and I want to sell and move away," replied Mrs. Ananias.

"Half true," Purdum rejoined, "You are going to move away all right, and quick—for I own this place myself, you impostor," Purdum is NAD Impostor Chief.



Miss Lois Butler, a titan-haired deaf-mute, was acclaimed "Miss Beaver Falls" (N. Y.) and represented her city in a large beauty contest.



But out in the Pacific Northwest they must have cops to keep the dainty dears from competing. Or mebbly mine old comrades-at-arms are blind and loco. Just imagine that ugly Spokane Irishman, big Jim O'Leary, winning a "beauty contest" at a Seattle picnic!

Great Scott! The 30,000 spectators at the opening performance of Chicago's annual Rodeo in the stadium, July 29, saw "Deaf" Scott, from "Bar C" ranch, Texas, badly horned while bulldogging a steer. The huge animal, weighing almost a ton, rolled over on the deaf-mute—breaking his ankle.

*Police Gazette* for June 9 had a picture titled: "Dolores Steelman, 15, practicing trick riding for Rodeo at Saugus, California; Miss Steelman is a deaf-mute."

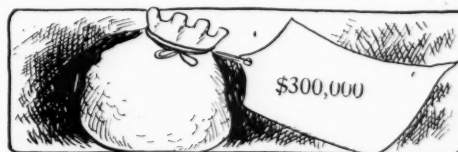
Joseph Goldman, for 35 years the leading florist of Middletown, Ohio, retired from the business which bore his name.

Tom L. Anderson, editor of the *Iowa Squawk-I*, appropriately spent his vacation at Crooked Lake, Minn. (Yes, that's a bum joke—but I have to get even for Tom's dirty-digs. I should be a drum all my life.)



Talking about those "Silence, Do Not Distrub" signs we fraters swiped from the Denver Pullmans: the Rev. Henry Rutherford corraled 12 subscriptions for this magazine at the Peoria picnic, then—feeling the heat of the day—took a nap on a park bench. Placed an opened sample copy of the *SILENT WORKER* over his face. Park police would come up to wake him, notice the word "Silent," then smile and walk away.

Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer (New York) died—leaving \$300,000 to her only son.



Deafdom's summer heroine was lovely young Mrs. George Lewis, Sandpoint, Idaho, formerly Eva Hoganson, who was hit and almost killed snatching a tiny stranger from the path of an auto.

The old Giant twirler, Luther Taylor—of the immortal Matthewson-McGinnity-Taylor trio—dropped in on the New York-St. Louis battle for his first session with McGraw and Bresnahan in 16 years. (Taylor probably drew less money his entire ten years in the big leagues than he could make in a single season these days.) McGraw had Taylor show his twirlers how he pitched his famous "slow ball." Taylor held the ball the same way for all deliveries—instead of throwing a "knuckle ball" to get a "slow ball" as present-day pitchers do.

Horace B. Gillespie (Hancock, Mich.) deaf since boyhood, won two fraternity keys at the University of Illinois.

Goodyear (Akron) put up \$50 for the best essay on "Safety First." Out of 16,000 employees, it went to a deaf man—Iva Robinson.

Well, summer's over.

And after being President of the Blessed Bachelors' Brotherhood for between 50 and 100 years, Cincinnati's "Ach Louie" Bacheberle got married.

Honest! Cross my heart and hope to cry! So cheer-up, girls; if a brass-bound heart like Louie's—a triple-plated, double-joined, steel-coated, corrugated heart like "BBB's"—can fall for the arts you know so well how to use, then there is still a chance you may bag that stubborn bozo you have been after so long!

Only hurry; Leap Year is almost past!



*Next Issue:* Poor old "Nadio" returns with his tale of woe. Sobs his sad story of soaking soles and sour souls—seems someone treated him with the customary disrespect during the Denver picnic at Floutdale-in-the-whines. He threatens to name names. Will your name be listed? If not, why not? Better order your copy early, and find out. Best way to make sure is to send in your subscription P. D. Q.

# The Argonaut

By J. W. Howson



WHEN the earthquake of 1906 came, my laboratory in the East Bay district wasn't damaged a bit, though buildings were cracked and chimneys tumbled down all around it. Tall cylinders full of liquid hadn't spilled a drop. It may have been a freak of nature, or it may have been because the building was wooden.

Another laboratory in the city, as we refer to San Francisco out here, was completely demolished by the collapse of the brick building in which it was located. What little was left was wiped out by the fire which followed. I mention this because the owner of this laboratory and I combined forces and established laboratories in several locations until we finally found ourselves on the principal commercial street in the western metropolis. This was several years after the earthquake.

This partner was probably the least educated of all the men with whom I ever associated. I believe he had a high school education, topped off with a year or two in a private engineering school. But he was an accurate assayer and above all a self-made man. Furthermore, descended from a line of lawyers, he had the gift of gab, combined with a slow, deliberate demeanor which was most convincing.

In keeping with the general show of front, we had the entire second floor of a building next to the second largest bank in the west. The office attached to the laboratory occupied about fifty per cent of the floor space, out of all proportion to the needs required. The rent of the place was scarcely justified by the volume of business handled. However, the whole layout was calculated to create quite an impression upon clientele, and I voiced no objection



*The large attendance at the annual picnic of the California Association of the Deaf, held on the school grounds, was partly due to the chance the members would have to meet the school's new principal, Mr. Elwood Stevenson. In this group are Mr. Stevenson, Mrs. Stevenson, Murray Campbell, Mrs. Silberstein, Mrs. Lester, and Mrs. Campbell. Mrs. Silberstein is a hearing woman, interested in the welfare of the deaf. Mrs. Lester is president of the State Association of the Deaf*

considering that the quarters for analytical work at the extreme end of the building were the best I had ever

had, being well lighted by windows properly placed and almost perfectly ventilated.

The partner, whom we will refer to as Jones, though that of course wasn't his real name, began to realize



*Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, being the children of deaf parents, are adept in the use of the sign language. So it is not surprising that Mrs. Stevenson finds herself perfectly at home in this group. Left to right, Mrs. Frack, Mrs. Maldonado, Mrs. Stevenson, and Mrs. Whitworth*

there was not much money to be made in assays and analysis. He turned his attention to metallurgy and finding the supply of metallurgical work not equal to the demand, he decided to create his own supply. At that time there was quite a boom in mining in the vicinity of Rawhide, Nevada. Jones worked on the Rawhide ores. He devised a method of extraction of gold therefrom. His laboratory tests showed, I believe, an extraction of around 95 per cent of the gold, a truly high extraction and one pointing to the success of his method. He had no trouble in interesting a promoter and together they formed a company to handle Rawhide ores.

I do not recall all details of this company, but apparently it was incorporated for 100,000 shares of \$1.00 each, drawn up under the laws of Arizona, so that the stock could be non-assessable and parties having once invested could be assured of no further worry concerning their investments. Thirty thousand shares were set aside as a reserve for emergencies, and about thirty thousand were divided between Jones and the promoter as compensation for their services. This left about 40,000 shares for immediate sale to the public. These were disposed of in an almost solid block to a single investor in New York City.

With the money thus acquired machinery was purchased and installed in a building in Rawhide along the lines worked out in the laboratory. Jones and the promoter appointed themselves officers in the company and were soon ready to handle Rawhide ores. But there was a hitch. A little detail had been overlooked. The Rawhide ores, as I remember them, were very slimy. It had been easy to pour them from one receptacle to another in the laboratory. But handled with machinery on a commercial scale, the ore had to be transported in pipes. In vain were the pipes enlarged and the power of the ma-

chinery increased. The ore would not budge. So the plant closed down; it was hoped temporarily.

Shortly after, I came in the office one early afternoon. The office paraphernalia was scattered in all directions. The extensive pieces of railing which decorated it, were



*After listening to addresses by Mr. Stevenson, Mayor Driver, of Berkeley, and others, the picnic crowd pour out of the diningroom. Incidentally this was the first time that luncheon was ever served to the C. A. D. members in the diningroom*

knocked down. The office boy informed me that the New York investor in the Rawhide enterprise had been there about noon. He had some words with Jones. Then there was a struggle about the place, while the New Yorker closed his hands on Jones' throat. The latter's face turned purple and his tongue came out, and the easterner left him apparently dead.

But he wasn't dead and in a few days was around again. Furthermore, the treatment was not deserved. Jones was not pugnacious, and he made no complaint to the authorities. Furthermore, he was strictly honest and could only be blamed for an oversight, costly though it was. Some months later Jones informed me that he would have to leave the business. It wasn't paying him



*E. E. Vinson is surrounded by a bevy of charmers, who sploit his donation in the cause of charity. Mr. Vinson seems unusually willing to accede to thier request. It all hapened at the C. A. D. picnic. The ladies are Miss Luddy, Mrs. Jacobs and Miss Sink.*

enough and he had the offer of a state engineering job. We balanced the books and found quite a sum due me. I took Jones' share of the laboratory in settlement of this debt as that was the only tangible asset. Not long after

the entire laboratory was burned to the ground. I lost heavily, for there was only a few hundred dollars insurance. A motor which I had installed at a cost of over a hundred dollars, was sold to a university student for five dollars for experimental purposes. I screened the ashes of the ruins and recovered about a hundred dollars worth of platinum ware. The rest was a total loss.

Jones entered public service. He rose steadily and has become a promoter of municipal engineering projects and as far as I can ascertain has carried everyone of them through to a successful conclusion. No doubt, he has called on the services of highly specialized engineers on every job, being mindful of that first small venture in Rawhide. I saw him the other day emerging from a public building, the center of a group of well appearing men, and he himself going along in the same debonair cock-sure manner as of old. Some years ago, meeting a party from Rawhide, I inquired as to the condition of the old Jones mill. I was informed that the machinery was in a pile of rust. Nothing remained of the wooden building; its timbers had long since been carted off to serve as stovewood for the local residents.

Though I never participated in any way in this Rawhide venture, my observations of it taught me to beware of investing in any new enterprise, for however well planned they may be, there is always inexperience to be



*As usual, the major portion of the members came to the picnic in their autos. Only a portion of the cars that brought them are shown here. In the foreground may be seen Mr. Stevenson and youngest daughter, Annabel, hastening to become acquainted with the alumni of the school*

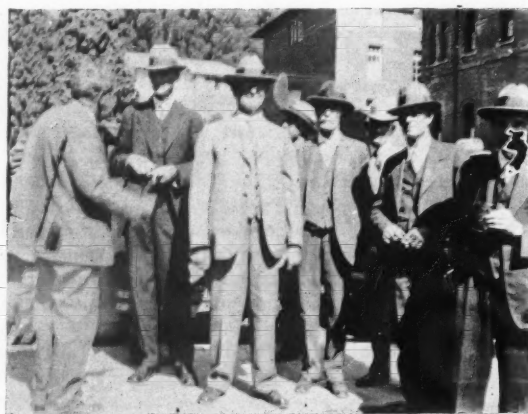
reckoned with and results are always hazardous. Such enterprises should be for those who can afford to lose, to lose gracefully and without dismay or unusual regret. This Rawhide fiasco also recalls a somewhat similar state of affairs, but which by reason of foresight properly applied led to no disastrous results. A resort keeper, who had on his grounds artesian wells delivering hot water, conceived the idea of piping this water through the rooms of his hotel, as a means of applying heat during the cold winter months. Before taking any further steps, he had me analyze samples of the water. These analyses he submitted to a competent engineer, who promptly informed him that his project was not feasible, as the salt contents of the water would soon choke up his pipes, or utterly destroy them by corrosion.

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The annual picnic of the California Association of the Deaf, northern section, held as usual on the state school grounds in Berkeley, was featured by the presence of the school's new principal, Mr. Elwood Stevenson. The opportunity to meet Mr. Stevenson and his family was partly responsible for the large attendance. The literary



program at which the mayor of Berkeley, Mr. Stevenson and others, gave addresses was held in the diningroom of the institution. The deaf were pleased to find that both Mr. Stevenson and his wife, who are children of deaf parents, are adept in the use of the sign language. Since their first acquaintance with the new principal, the alumni of the school and other deaf have come to understand that Mr. Stevenson is thoroughly acquainted with problems



*Old timers attended the picnic in large numbers. Herewith, from left to right are T. d'Estrella, first pupil of the school; L. C. Williams, contractor; Harmon Hoke, prosperous rancher; Thomas Finnegan, long time employee of a large commercial house in San Francisco; James Daggett, steadily employed carpenter, and Leroy Deise, retired*

confronting the deaf, both as a child and as an adult, and and their confidence in his ability to help assist in meeting these problems has been established. Furthermore, Mr. Stevenson has taken hold of the school affairs with a firm grip and anyone, from the lowest employee to the highest salaried official under him, is working as never before. This condition, convincing outsiders that the children of the school are receiving the maximum of attention possible and that anyone connected with the school is earning his salary, is highly satisfactory to the alumni.

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One of the features of the attendance of the picnic were two old timers, who though residing less than a hundred miles away, had not revisited the school since their graduation some fifty-five years ago. Though the present buildings are regarded by many as antiquated and fit only to be torn down, they had not before been seen by these alumni, who attended school in the large stone building destroyed by fire in 1875.

### TRUTH

"Thou must be true thyself  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another soul wouldst reach;  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.  
Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed."

## Red Cross Never Stops Work

**I**N WAR or peace, in times of distress or in normal every-day life, the Red Cross, the greatest humanitarian institution in the world, is found to be carrying on its work in all parts of the country. At all times its work goes forward and while it is in times of severe national catastrophes that the organization's work is most brought to the public's attention, yet each hour sees Red Cross workers performing their normal daily duties.

These normal duties consist of a variety of undertakings and include instruction in various health subjects, nursing, rendering assistance to disabled veterans and their families, work with the armed forces of the United States, production of surgical dressings and hospital supplies, typing of Braille reading matter for the blind, as well as other activities. Some of this work is done by volunteers while that requiring specialists and experts is rendered by paid officers of the organization.

More than 122,000 students received instruction in the classes in home hygiene and care of the sick during the past year. This course, although primarily organized for school girls, is open to adults and a large number has taken the opportunity of enrolling. Other courses which are popular are those in life saving and water safety, first aid to the injured, and nutrition.

In times of public disaster, such as the hurricane in the West Indies and Florida, the Red Cross is prepared to throw a force of experienced relief workers into the field to care for the victims and during the Mississippi flood the number cared for totaled more than 600,000. During September of this year the Red Cross was caring for more than 400,000 Porto Ricans, many of whom would not have survived the aftermath of the hurricane, had it not been for the relief given them by the Red Cross.

For purposes of such emergency, the Red Cross maintains an enrolled reserve corps of 47,000 nurses. Of this number, 30,000 are ready to be called at any time for duty in any place. These nurses are properly trained and well qualified to assume the burdens which would fall upon them while on active duty.

The work of the Red Cross is carried on entirely with its own resources excepting in cases of extreme emergency, such as the Porto Rican and Florida disasters. The public is appealed to but once each year and that is upon the occasion of the annual roll call of members when the Red Cross makes a nation-wide appeal for popular endorsement of its program. This year, when the Twelfth Annual Roll Call will be held, endeavors will be made to secure 5,000,000 members. The roll call took place Armistic Day, November 11, ending Thanksgiving Day, November 29.

### THERE TO STAY

The pile of flints still to be broken was a very large one, thought the stone breaker, as he gazed at it disconsolately between his bites at a large sandwich of bread and cheese. A minister came along and gave him a cherry "Good morning," remarking afterward that he had a deal of work to get through yet.

"Aye," said the eater, "them stones are like the Ten Commandments."

"Why so?" inquired the genial parson.

"You can go on breaking 'em," came the reply, "but you can't never get rid of 'em."—*The Christian-Evangelist.*

—  
All lands are fair to him who knows content,  
All skies are sunny and all fields green."

# Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barrett



**FAMILIAR** FIGURES at conventions of American Instructors of the Deaf, and of the National Association of the Deaf, were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney W. King. Many friends mourn the passing away of a woman, the greater part of whose life was devoted to instructing the deaf. For forty-three years the young lives passed through her class rooms, instructed, influenced and benefited by her strong beautiful life.

Emma T. Macy, daughter of Lilburn and Martha Macy, was born at Kingstown, Indiana, Jan. 13, 1863. Becoming deaf at the age of seven years, she was placed in the School for the Deaf at Indianapolis, where she made rapid progress and was graduated with highest honors, being valedictorian of her class. Her career as a teacher was then begun in the St. Louis Day School for the Deaf, where she was especially helpful in raising this school to a high degree of excellence. Six years of teaching followed in the Day-School at Evansville, Ind. In 1892 she was offered, and accepted, a position at the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock, and continued as a teacher there for 33 years.

In 1894 Miss Macy was married to Sidney W. King instructor of carpentry and cabinet making in the Little Rock school. They taught together in this school for many years, resigning their positions in 1925 to make their home in their citrus grove south of Lindsay. They had visited California several times during their vacations and on one trip had purchased the ranch. Mrs. King was happy and contented in her new surroundings and enjoyed good health, but on Wednesday, Aug. 8th, she was taken ill with a stroke of apoplexy and passed away the following Saturday evening, Aug. 11th. The deaf in the vicinity of Lindsay naturally were attached to the couple and many of them attended the funeral the following Monday afternoon. The services were conducted by the Rev. Chas. S. White, who for forty years was a close friend of Mrs. King, and were interpreted to the deaf by A. B. Sherman, of Fresno. The services were held in the Friends Church, and the interment at Olive Cemetery. Mrs. King came of the Quaker ancestry and the deep religious life of her parents was transmitted to her. She organized the Christian Endeavor Society in the Little Rock school and for 33 years superintended its activities. Being situated where she could attend a Friends church, many years ago she joined the Baptist church, Mr. King being the son of a Baptist minister. The following are a few paragraphs from the obituary in the Lindsay paper:

The misfortunes of life could not dim nor spoil the courageous, optimistic spirit of Emma King. She refused to be limited by her physical defects but rising above them, was the more conspicuous and successful in helping others with like afflictions.



Mrs. Emma Macy King

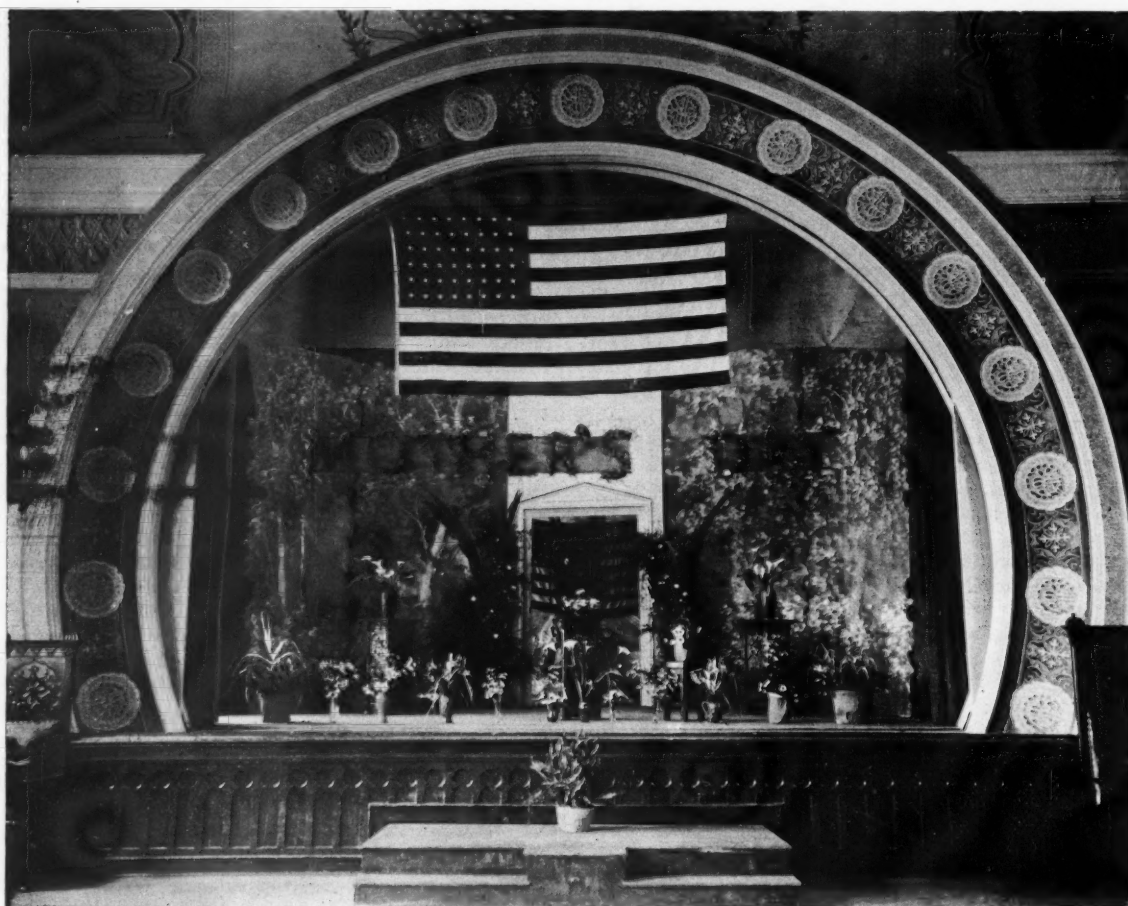
What a host of young life to whom many doors were barred has passed through her classrooms during the 43 years she was a teacher of the deaf! Eternity alone will be able to trace the helpful influence that have been released by her among our deaf friends.

Yes, and her helpfulness was not alone for those who suffered as she suffered but all who came into the circle of her acquaintances and friendship knew her to be a woman "whose price is above rubies." Her life stands as a challenge to us who have full use of all our faculties that we will make the utmost of talents and opportunities in seeking to make other lives more helpful and other hearts more happy and Cristlike.

From the volume entitled "Representative Deaf Persons of the United States" (2nd edition) the following paragraph contained a sketch of Emma King written by John W. Michaels of the Arkansas school. "In 1892 she was offered and accepted a position at the Arkansas school as teacher of the eighth grade, under Prof. F. D. Clarke. She still remains in charge of the class. Here she has come under our notice, and without disparagement to any one, we take pleasure in acknowledging her as one of the most valuable teachers of the deaf this school has had the good fortune to secure. She commands the respect and love of both pupils and teachers. "Since coming to us she has been one of the leading spirits in the literary and religious societies for the pupils. She has no rival in the art of the sign language delivery. She delivers all she says in signs with such grace and force that none can fail to understand and appreciate."

Literary programs are nowadays of infrequent occurrence at clubs for the deaf, due to other diversions and the young people demanding something "peppy," and many of them do not understand signs. But once in a while there is an exception, for instance, the Saturday evening of Mother's Day, celebrated at the Los Angeles Silent Club with a program of recitations, short talks and stories, arranged by the Chairman, Mrs. Grace Noah. A good crowd was present, the tender theme appealing to every one, and the beautiful decorated stage and light effects combining to give an æsthetic pleasure, Mesdames Noah, Dahl and LaMont had arranged the decorations, and so many were the expressions of admiration over them that it was decided to photograph them, and we present the picture here. At the close of the program, red and white carnations were given to those present. In June there was a program honoring Father's Day and Flag Day, and one was planned for Armistice Day, with W. H. Robert as chairman.

It was with much pleasure that the Los Angeles deaf read in a local daily about N. Field Morrow, who disappeared from the deaf world about 25 years ago and



*Mother's Day at the Los Angeles Silent Club. The letters in "Mother's Day," hanging over the stage, were formed of evergreens entwined with Japanese lilacs, the work of Mrs. La Mont. With the electric lights, the whole effect was beautiful*

was supposed to be dead. He was a graduate of Galaudet College, had been a teacher in the Indiana school for the Deaf, and was prominent in the National Association of the Deaf. A deaf woman employed in the Baltimore Hotel has now and then had a little conversation with him and he told her he had been ten years in Los Angeles, but never went to any of the clubs. The newspaper item gives his name as Marrow, probably a misprint, but in other respects the description tallies with the former well known Indianian. Deaf people who for some reason decide to hold aloof from their fellows are generally driven back to the deaf circles sooner or later by the isolation of deafness, so Morrow's is an unusual case. This is the item as published in the Los Angeles daily:

#### GREAT HEART ROUTS FATES

*Deaf-Mute Overcomes Handicap by Becoming Teacher of Note. College Graduate and Interpreter with Philosophic Outlook on Life*

Deaf and dumb at 5 years of age, a college graduate before his sixteenth birthday, a teacher for twenty-five years, and now a worker in the Baltimore Hotel laundry and an interpreter of foreign languages is a sketch of the life of Field Marrow of 405 West Twenty-eighth street, a smiling, gray-haired local man who trundles trucks of clean linen through the halls of the local host-

elry and carries on communications with his many friends with a pencil and pad.

When Baltimore officials or guests are unable to untangle a knotty foreign dispatch they call Mr. Marrow. He drops his duties in the laundry and becomes the hotel interpreter.

Inability to hear or speak evidently is no drawback to the former teacher. He is an apt lip-reader and his written answers appear swiftly, evidencing his sense of humor and a fund of knowledge gathered from an ample library.

Mr. Marrow is master of three foreign languages, Spanish, French and German. He taught them all during his long professorship at the Indiana State School for the Deaf. He would still be there, Mr. Marrow wrote, but his health broke and he came to California ten years ago to recover.

And recovery has been successful, for today the young-appearing Mr. Marrow weighs 165 pounds. Ten years ago he weighed 115 and physicians then told him he had but a short time to live.

"California did it for me," he wrote, "and I'm enjoying life more here with my routine duties than at teaching. Of course, I miss the contact of human voices, speaking and singing, as well as music, but I have many friends in my library and have learned to take my affliction philosophically."

Mr. Marrow comes from a family that has been



identified with politics and the professions in Indiana. His grandfather, Dr. N. Field, founded the Indiana Medical Association.

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In the Olympic games at Amsterdam last summer there was on the American team from Stanford Univer-



*The famous tunnel tree, still living in the Mariposa Grove, California*

sity a son of deaf parents, Harlow P. Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rothert of Los Angeles. He won a place as one of the shot putters in the Olympic tryouts at Boston. The Rothert family recently went to Palo Alto, and have taken an apartment for the winter near the University, so Harlow can live at home while attending college. Their friends will miss the Rotherts but they promise to come down occasionally.

The great National Air Races were held at Mines Field, outside of the suburbs of Los Angeles, Sept. 8 to 17. Hundreds of planes were in races and stunts everyday; one day there was a crash of one of "The Three Musketeers," as three army planes were called, and the aviator Lieut. Williams was killed. His place was taken by Colonel Lindbergh, who was not on the program, and thereafter for several days he thrilled the crowds by his stunts. It was stated that 2,000,000 persons attended, admission to the field was \$1.00 and a seat in the grandstand another \$1.00, and the big attendance shows the people have become "air minded." There are quite frequent reports of deaf persons having been "shocked" into hearing and speech by taking a ride in a stunt performing airplane, but we have never heard of a really authentic cure of deafness by that means. A Los Angeles deaf lady recently had an airplane ride and on reaching terra firma again remarked that there was no improvement in her hearing, and was told that if they had gone many thousand feet higher a cure would *perhaps* be effected, so the risk of the remedy may be counted worse than the disease.

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We have already sent the WORKER quite a number of pictures of scenes in the Yosemite Valley and the high Sierras and described the trips of deaf people to that region, without any particular expectation of beholding those scenes. Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Bert Buress and two little girls had their third trip to the Yosemite, each time visiting a different section. Others who went were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barrett and son Romney, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Doane and son and daughter. It was the writer's good fortune to see the Yosemite Valley at the best time for seeing it, late in May and early in June, when the waterfalls are at their best. The Doanes visiting the valley early in September reported the beautiful Yosemite Falls completely dried up. One thing our friends had not mentioned was the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, which is off the main travelled roads. From Merced we followed to mountain road to the Grove, which takes its name from the country in which it stands. We had seen pictures of an auto or stage coach in a tunnel in big tree, only half believing it, but now we are convinced as our own auto went through this tunnel in the famous Wawona tree. The tree is still living though this opening 8 by 11 feet was cut in 1880 when the stage road was cut through its base. We were much interested in these big trees, and really pictures do not convey an adequate impression of their size and majesty. The average of these trees, the Sequoia Gigantea, according to estimates given by scientists and lumbermen, is from two to four thousand years for the full-grown trees, with a few exceptions that are still older. Of these exceptions probably the oldest is the Grizzly Giant in the Mariposa



*Estimated to be over 4000 years old, the oldest living thing in the world, Mariposa Grove*

Grove. This grand old tree, one of the largest in the world, is considered by most authorities to be without doubt the oldest living thing on earth today. David

Starr Jordan, former president of Stanford University, has estimated its age at 8000 years, and but few estimates have placed it under 4000. The top is broken off, and as a result the height is only 204 feet. It is 104 feet in circumference and contains half a million feet of lumber. The tallest of these trees is the *Mark Twain*, 18 feet in diameter and 331 feet in height. Much more might be written about the grove, but we hope these few facts may arouse some reader's interest sufficiently to visit the wonderful old trees.

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The Street of Living Christmas Trees is one of the sights of the Yuletide in Southern California. Imagine driving at night a mile along an avenue with brilliantly lighted Christmas trees on each side! This wonderful street is in Altadena, a suburb of Pasadena. Wealthy people own the estates touching on the lane of tall Deodar trees (a kind of cedar) and some years ago this unique

custom was inaugurated and the trees are lit every night from Christmas Eve to New Years Day. Thus it is a happy means of wishing all passersby "A Merry Christmas," from those whose homes are along the street. The home of Dr. and Mrs. N. M. Hayden is near the corner of Santa Rosa Avenue and Calaveras Street and on this corner, every Christmas Eve, Mrs. Hayden reads her beautiful poem, "The Deodars," and appropriate ceremonies open the season with the singing of carols. The idea of lighting the lane of Deodars was first suggested by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Nash, whose home fronts the street and it is now one of the annual events of the holiday season here. It has been said that many a blase tourist, who refused to be impressed by any of the sights here, was at last staggered by the sight of a whole mile of Christmas trees, glittering like a fairy forest, against the dark background of the California hills. [See front cover page for illustration.]

## J. M. Robertson, President 'Dixie Association of the Deaf and "Official Family"



ON THIS page will be found the pictures of Mr. J. M. Robertson, of Raleigh, N. C., President of the Dixie Association of the Deaf and "official family." With one or two exceptions, the faces of all are familiar to the deaf world. Mr. Robertson's administration, will, no doubt, be a memorable and progressive one, as he has surrounded himself with a personnel consisting of some of the most representative and progressive leaders among the deaf in the South, all of whom are pledged to stand behind him and see that he is given full and whole-hearted co-operation in his ideas for the future good of the association.

The meeting held at Raleigh, N. C., last August to definitely launch the Dixie Association of the Deaf was an overwhelming success, despite the many obstacles and unjust criticism that confronted the "Special Committee" appointed two years ago to work out plans for launching the association. Opposition was met from many sources from those who could not, and would not, see any good in the organization. But the Committee continued to "saw wood and say nothing" until the foundation of the Association had been firmly and safely laid. The results of its labor is now history. The Dixie Association of the Deaf is a firmly established and independent organization ready to lend every co-operation to any organization engaged in the welfare of the deaf in any section.

The objects of the Dixie Association of the Deaf are: "The Uplift of Humanity among the Deaf, Spiritually Intellectually and Socially," and its motto is: "In the Spirit and strength of Dixie." With such objects in view, and with such a motto nailed to its masthead, it

is a foregone conclusion that the organization will soon become popular and successful and will prove a great blessing to the deaf throughout the Southern section of the United States.

As this is the first year of active work by the association it was voted at Raleigh to allow the membership fee to remain at one dollar until the next convention at Atlanta, Ga., in 1929. This is within the reach of EVERYONE and should be taken advantage of as this membership fee will be increased at the Atlanta Convention to a more equitable sum. The \$1.00 fee entitles every member to a copy of the "D. A. D. Booster," the official organ of the association, free.

The second annual convention of the association will be held in Atlanta, Ga., during the summer of 1929. The Georgia Association of the Deaf, backed by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor of the city, the Local Frat division, the Nadfrat Woman's Club, and other local organizations will act as hostesses to the Convention, Atlanta and its people, including its deaf citizens, who "never do things by halves," invite everybody, whether friend or foe of the Dixie Association of the Deaf, to come and spend your vacation here at this time. The "Soul of the South" will "open to enfold you," and your visit will be made so happy that you, one and all, will return

to your various homes with nothing but good in your hearts for the Dixie Association of the Deaf, and for all the loyal Southern people who are behind it.

[See next page for balance of pictures of the officers—ED. WORKER.]



J. M. Robertson, President

## Officers of the D. A. D.

(Continued from page 52)



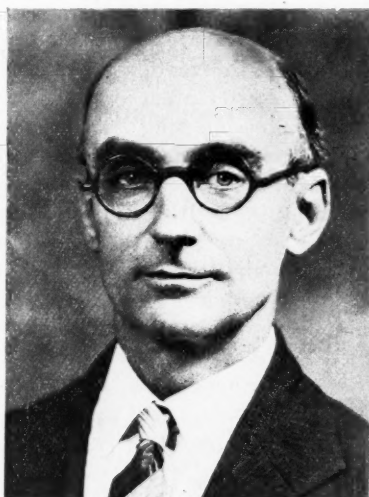
Mrs. H. K. Bush, 2nd Vice-President  
Richmond, Va.



J. H. MacFarlane, Board Member,  
Talladega, Ala.



Mrs. C. L. Jackson, Secretary,  
Atlanta, Ga.



O. G. Carrell, Board Member  
Burgaw, N. C.



Mrs. J. G. Bishop, Board Member  
Atlanta, Ga.



Robert R. Smoak, Treasurer  
Union, S. C.

### The Road O'er the Hill

O'er the mills of God I see the sun set,  
Beyond the slow grinding wheel of the mill;  
In its golden shadows my feet I have set,  
On the road that lies over the hill.

The wheel of the mill turns with the day,  
And I walk with the turn of the wheel;  
My weary limbs toil up the steep winding way,  
Turn the wheel of the mill, or stand still.

The Miller, the opener of all of life's roads,  
Leads the way to the crest of the hill;  
With Him as my guide, how easy the load,  
That I take to be ground in the mill.

Now I see plainly the Miller on the top of the hill,  
He turns slower and slower the wheel;  
As night closes in, the wheel stands still,  
I have climbed with ease the road o'er the hill.

—*Jimie N. Anthony.*

### MATCHING YOUR JEWELRY

Matching one piece of jewelry to another is an interesting little problem. The platinum wedding ring may be engraved to match the engagement ring. When the engagement ring is a hoop of sapphires or emeralds the wedding ring may be a hoop of diamonds, both rings having the same character. In any event the custom of the wedding ring being worn first on the finger and the engagement ring over it is very generally accepted. The old tradition or superstition that the wedding ring must never come off is in the discard along with many other traditions. Fashion today requires two wedding rings, one a precious stonepaved hoop and the other a simply engraved platinum or gold band.

### THE NEW WAY

"Come here, Billy," said his father. "I shall have to spank you."

Billy (who has paid a visit to the dentist last week) says: "Please, daddy, may I have gas?"



## The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published bi-monthly from October to June inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith

Articles for publication must be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. 41

December, 1928

No. 2



## The Season's Greetings

Among the many Christmas greeting cards received in our mail the last several years we append one that we came across the other day that we believe will appeal to our readers.

Dallas, Texas,  
December 21, 1926

Dear Friends O' Ours:—

We are coming into the Christmas time—that time when our hearts are filled with love and gratitude—and into the New Year season—that season when our lives are filled with purposes and ideals—and we are thinking of you.

We are thinking of you with love and gratitude in our hearts—sincere love for you and genuine gratitude because of you—you are our friend.

We are thinking of you also with the earnest wish in our lives that our lives—your life and ours—may have happiness in this Christmas time, because we have a new and larger devotion to Him who brought happiness and that our lives—your life and ours—may turn into the new year with purposes and ideals of success.

It's serving, striving through strain and stress,  
And making better this good old earth;

It's serving, striving through strain and stress,  
It's doing your noblest—that's SUCCESS.

Lovingly,

The Three Hills

OLLIE—KATHLEEN—TROY.

And in keeping with the Christmas Spirit we have borrowed the picture sent us by Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett taken from the *Los Angeles Examiner* of December 25, 1927, to grace our cover page. After printing, our art editor, Kelly Stevens, had his pupils put in the tints by hand. Your attention is also directed to the illustrated poem on page 53 by L. H. Randall.

## Why We Made The Change

It is with misgivings that we were compelled to announce, in the October issue, a reduction from ten to five issues this year. The subscription price remains the same, but the price for single copies is advanced from twenty-five cents to fifty cents. This decision was made by the Committee on the School for the Deaf of the State Board of Education just as we were about to mail the October issue.

We are aware that this belated announcement will occasion much dissatisfaction among those who sent in their renewals for the coming year. This change, however, is only temporary and as soon as we can get enough operators trained to fill the machines it is planned to restore this magazine to its original number of issues. In the meantime we hope our subscribers will not withdraw their subscriptions or the deaf at large their moral support.

## The Dixie Association

The Dixie Association of the Deaf, representing the Southland, held its first Convention at Raleigh, N. C., August 23-25, last. From all accounts it was a successful and harmonious meeting. It has disclaimed any intention to antagonize any association of the deaf and will confine their discussions to affairs of the South. Among the good projects started at the Raleigh meeting was a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and the advisability of having more Bureaus of Labor for the Deaf. It was decided to maintain an official organ and it was voted to continue the "D. A. D. Booster."

The sagacity of the Southerners is to be commended and we hope much good will crop out of the organization.

## Small But Good

"The Silent Missionary," edited by the Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., is a small monthly periodical devoted to church work, but its editorials and contents bear evidence of a master mind. The *Worker* editor pleads guilty to occasionally borrowing some of its contents for the edification of our readers. The "Page in Verse—Written by or about the Deaf" is one of its outstanding features.

## When Disaster Rides the Skies

The poster which Chapters of the American Red Cross displayed throughout the country from November 11 to 29, inviting the people to join the Red Cross for another year, symbolizes the services of relief and rehabilitation provided by the "Greatest Mother" when disaster strikes. Throughout the past year the Red Cross has been engaged continually in disaster relief work at home and has extended assistance in many catastrophes abroad. The poster was painted by Cornelius Hicks.

## Learn Esperanto

Do you know that you can use Esperanto in many interesting ways—for profit as well as for pleasure?

Hundreds of thousands of people, all over the world, have learned this simple, ingenious language in a few hours of study, and are now using it to advantage for business, travel, correspondence or scientific work.

The official Yearbook gives you an interesting picture of the whole Esperanto movement—its early history and rapid growth, the extent of its present actual use in nearly every field of international work, and its possibilities as a neutral, second language for every educated person.

The Yearbook of the Esperanto movement should be in every school and library, and in the hands of every individual whose interests extend beyond his immediate neighborhood. To such, Esperanto opens the doors of the whole world.

A 32-page booklet, "The Key to Esperanto", has been prepared and will be mailed free to anyone requesting it. Address the National Secretary, Universal Esperanto Assn., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Memorial to Henry Gross

The Missouri deaf, according to the **Missouri Record**, have formed "The Henry Gross Memorial Association" to raise funds for a suitable Memorial to the late Henry Gross, who for thirty-nine years was an honored and valued teacher at the Missouri School for the Deaf.

The late Mr. Gross was 63 years old when he passed away on the 16th of last May. He was an outstanding figure among the deaf of Missouri. In addition to his duties as teacher he also was instructor in printing and editor of the **Record**.

The deaf of Missouri are to be congratulated for its efforts to perpetuate the memory of those who sacrifice time and money to lift the deaf out of the slough of ignorance and dependency.

## Cold Weather and Fresh Air

This is the season when the thermometer and the windows go down at the same time. With the arrival of the first chill breeze sashes are lowered and doors closed against the outdoor air as against a bitter enemy. This is a system that has its drawbacks, however. It is well enough to protect ourselves against cold, but in shunning fresh air too much, we are apt to run the risk of lowering our resistance against disease. No air is so healthful as outdoor air, and we need a quantity of it every day in order to keep well.

Now that the winter is upon us, let us not neglect to keep our bedroom windows open while we sleep. In an era of electric pads, hot water bottles and warm, light covering, there is no reason why we

cannot have a comfortable night's rest in a cold room. Only in very severe climates is it perhaps advisable not to keep the windows wide open at night.

Moreover, we can work more efficiently and more contentedly in home, shop or office, if the windows are opened for a few minutes several times a day. And let us remember that a brisk, daily walk tones up the system so that we do not feel the cold so much. To educate the public in the value of fresh air and in disease prevention, the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations are conducting the twenty-first Christmas seal sale.

## Child Study

The Child Study Association of America has just issued a new book list, "Suggestions for a Parent's First Book Shelf." This list contains twenty-five titles with author, publisher and price, and should be extremely valuable to any one who is doing serious reading along the lines of child training.

This book shelf is the result of a great deal of careful thought and has been prepared by leaders in child training and the Bibliography Committee of the Child Study Association of America. The price of this is 5 cents.—The Wheeler Pub. Co., Chicago.

## The King's Legacy

The above is the title of a book published by the Sheldon Press, London, England. The author is Kate Whitehead, a totally deaf woman, and her story, based on historical events is of absorbing interest. It centers around the school of the Abbe de l'Epee, during the reign of King Louis XVI, with the Abbe Sicard as one of the chief characters.

The preface is by C. C. Watts, M. A., formerly Archdeacon of Switzerland. In the concluding paragraphs he says:

"And the author of this tale has dug deep into the mine of history and unearthed a very interesting story full of pathos and dignity. And in the unfolding of it she plays upon our emotions with rare skill. Having been herself completely deaf from early childhood, she has been thrown much upon thought and study for companionship. And this is the result!

"She has been able to enter into the difficulties and inner mind of those shut out from much of the life of the busy world of those around them. It is this power of sympathy with her hero which makes him live before us. Her characters are not mere puppets on a stage. They are living men and women and hold us full of interest till the end.

"And surely this is literature! to unfold for us the thoughts and lines of living men and women—real and living—though they may be characters in a book."

# L'ADIEU

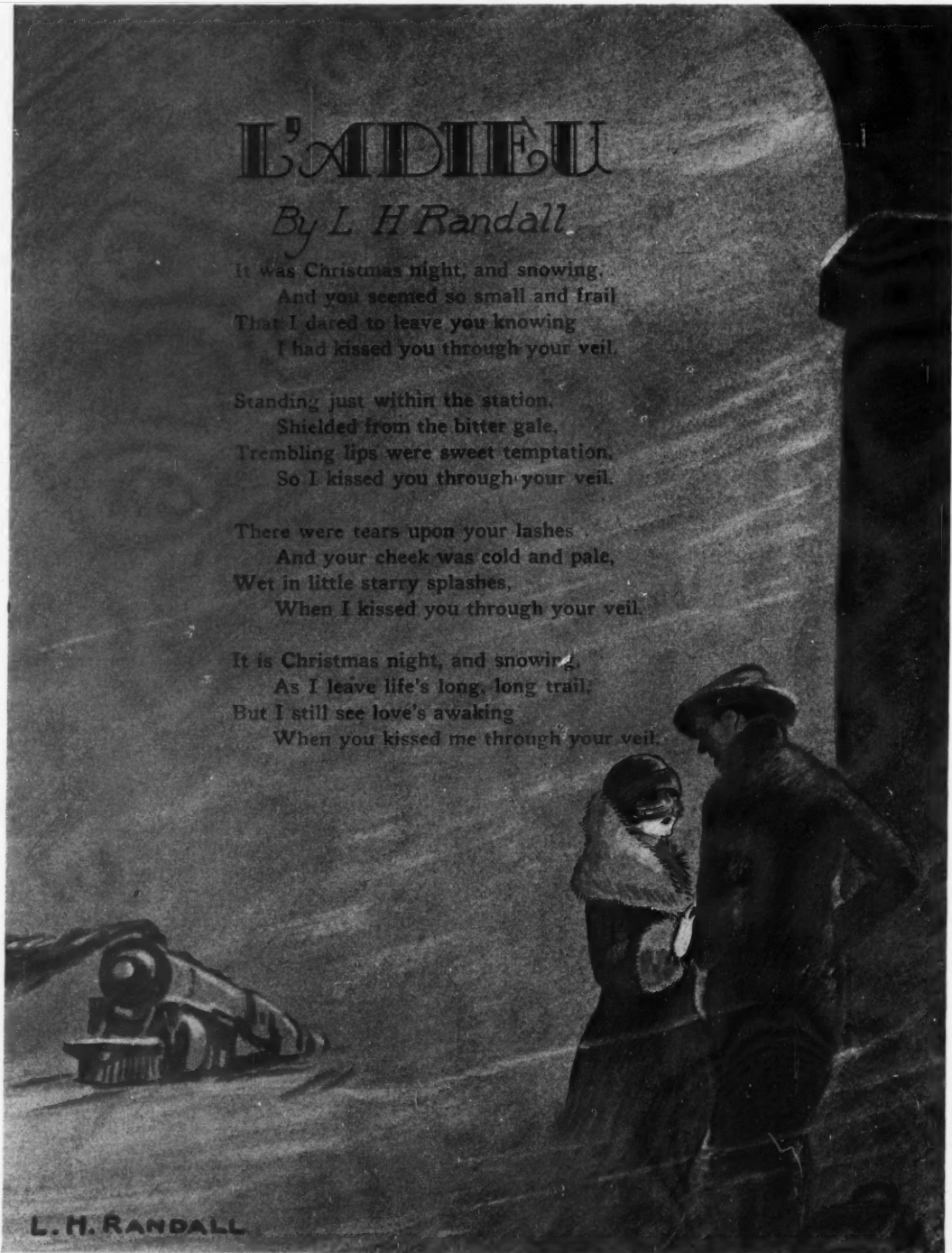
*By L. H. Randall*

It was Christmas night, and snowing,  
And you seemed so small and frail  
That I dared to leave you knowing  
I had kissed you through your veil.

Standing just within the station,  
Shielded from the bitter gale,  
Trembling lips were sweet temptation,  
So I kissed you through your veil.

There were tears upon your lashes  
And your cheek was cold and pale,  
Wet in little starry splashes,  
When I kissed you through your veil.

It is Christmas night, and snowing,  
As I leave life's long, long trail;  
But I still see love's awaking  
When you kissed me through your veil.





# With The Silent Workers

By Alexander L. Pach



OT THAT it is tremendously important, but among the graduates of the Hartford School last June was Miss Helen B. Blasius. Just thought you'd like to know.

To add to the gaiety of the nations, in a manner of speaking, our Oklahoma and California exchanges have taken up a discussion of the legibility, or lack of it, in using the thumb in forming figures on the fingers, particularly the undesirability of making the equivalent of "three" by holding up two fingers and a thumb. Long experience has taught me that clarity is best reached by ignoring the thumb altogether. When my daughter was a little girl, and this state of affairs came about, she invariably concealed her thumb in her mouth so that no confusion should arise as to the sum she was expressing.

And right here some one ought to take up the matter of expressing "20," which has more varieties than any other sum. I like the forefinger and second finger waved across the atmosphere best of all the several varieties one meets with, and least of all the blurred "20" formed by patting the thumb with the forefinger as if some sticky substance was causing them to adhere and there was difficulty in keeping the two digits apart. Not so very important, particularly if some one should come in and spell out: "Here's the \$20 I owe you," then his style of expression would be competent, relevant and material any way he executed it.

At the time this is written the general public is in the dark as to whether THE SILENT WORKER is to continue as THE SILENT WORKER, or if it is to be a silenced or curtailed SILENT WORKER. As it is the only magazine of it's kind in this justly celebrated world it has come to be a part of many people's lives and there will be much anxiety till the announcement comes that it is to stay.

That the laborer is worthy of his hire is one of the truest of truisms, and if it ought to hold firm in any field it ought to obtain where an ordained clergyman is working for the salvation of his fellow deaf, for their material as well as their spiritual welfare—and this matter of material welfare looms up high in this little world of the deaf—he should not be expected to exist and have his wife and children exist for weeks and even months without being paid a dollar. This information comes from *The Silent Missionary* and the clergyman (this publication always refers to those working in the field of the deaf as "missionaries" and I never thought that the great body of the deaf stood in need of missionaries, though the dictionary partly justifies the use of the term, while it also states that missionaries are "intended to reach, teach and convert the heathen,") has appealed in vain to the President of his synod. I do not see how an organization of this nature could turn a deaf ear in such a case.

But here is something pleasanter to think about. In Boston, a Mrs. Hussey, in memory of her mother, has given the New England Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf \$1,000, the income from which is to provide an anniversary dinner to the Home's guests, and the unexpended income to be divided in cash among them every year.

In this magazine last year I mentioned the fact that Principal Elwood Stevenson, now at the head of the California School, had experience more diversified as to the number of schools he had been connected with than any other educator of the deaf. A little later it developed that Mr. Oliver W. MacInturff had a longer list to his credit.

When it comes to our women pedagogues, Mrs. Vivian Starbird Lynnadelle, who is on Mr. Stevenson's staff of teachers in California, though a very young woman started at the Wright Oral School in New York, went to Kansas, then to Trenton, from there to Mt. Airy, thence to Iowa, and last year head teacher in the South Dakota School. Mrs. Lynnadelle is a Maine girl who was brought into the profession by her near neighbor in Maine, Mrs. Sara Small Temple, now a valued member of the Newark, N. J., Board of Education's speech corrective department. From her Gallaudet Normal course Mrs. Temple went to Gallaudet School in St. Louis, then to Atlanta Day School as Principal, then to the Mystic (Conn.) School, also Oklahoma and Illinois Schools and finished her work as a teacher of the deaf at the Wright Oral School. So far as this writer knows, two Maine ladies hold "diversity honors," to coin a term to cover the situation.

## About Door Signals.

Really I should not write about them in view of the many letters that came to me inquiring for details of installation, etc., that followed my first write-up. Until less than a year ago, because of the fact that all my life there was usually some hearing person in my home I never had a signal system installed, and when I did I was as happy as a boy used to be when he got his first new red topped boots, which boys of today never even know of, and the heavy inquiry mail that followed publication inundated both myself and my electrical signal engineer, who isn't an e. s. e. at all, but earns his daily bread as an accountant.

Mine was a three-cylinder system, or rather a three-light system that caused a flood of light in all the rooms and the hall, but my own bedroom illumination was faulty if the signals went on when I was asleep with my back to the lights, so, the inability of a late caller on a tremendously important mission to call me when I was sound asleep at near midnight made me install a fourth light where it would awaken me during the night under any circumstances. It had it's first trial when I left a note for the milk gentleman to ring the bell when he left the milk next morning, which was a Sunday, and I was to join an auto party at seven. This fourth light has a winker oscillator attachment that automatically turns the light on and off every ten seconds.

Fine!

Except, perhaps, in that the milk gentleman calls at 4.30, but I got up all right.

A few days pass, as they used to say in the movies.

Went to a show, and got home at midnight. Didn't feel sleepy or even tired, so read "Mother India," and it held me so thrilled it was almost two when I decided Morpheus should have his innings, and, as Pepys says: "So to bed."

Just as I had reached sound sleep (it was really two hours and fifteen minutes later) "The Lights."

To the hall door with a hastily donned bath-robe, and without my needed glasses, only to find a young man who ought to know better, standing there jauntily smoking a cigarette and airily asking if I knew him.

While I was thinking things remotely connected with the name of the young lady I tell about in the opening paragraph above, I tried to find out what it was all about but the young man, an oral product of the Wright denomination, and a poor speller and worse sign maker, could only tell me that he had been out in Chicago for the past four months, and just got back. No explanation of why he had me up at that crazy hour, so I gladly bid him good-bye and good morning with the suggestion that he come around in civilized hours. He hasn't been yet, and I think he will defer a call for a very long time, still I am keen to know what it was all about.

What I started to say was that no deaf person, even with a home full of hearing folks, should be without a signal system. Time and time again things have happened that I knew nothing about and it's a funny feeling a feller has. For instance, he's reading a book, kicked his slippers off, perhaps removed collar and tie, only to look up and discover unexpected company present, which is only one of "Life's darkest moments" for people who can not hear.

The "grand and glorious feeling" comes when you have surmounted one of the lesser obstacles that we deaf people meet with.

And now will some electrical expert write for this magazine all the technical "dope" that goes with the necessary installation, and tell how short circuits and fire hazards can be eliminated.

Interested readers will please wait for it, instead of writing me, but I will volunteer that the four-light system installed in my home cost, complete, just under \$10.

And while I am about it, it won't harm to tell that you can throw it all out of service, or vice versa, by a touch of your finger on the button, and if you go out of an evening on your return, and restoring service, the lights will automatically tell you if any one has called in your absence. Friends sometimes leave their cards under the circumstances, and often they don't, so you make a mental check up of probable callers only to find out later on that you guessed wrong, at least that has been my experience.

#### FOUR DEAF-MUTES WED

The first double wedding of it's kind was celebrated the other day at Allentown, Pa., when four deaf-mutes were married.

The officiating clergyman was assisted by Edward F. Kaercher, a senior at the Lutheran Seminary at Mt Airy, who upon his graduation and ordination next year, will become the first deaf Lutheran pastor in the United States. All questions and responses at the wedding were in the sign language.

I read the above in the good old *Journal*. It seems to me the *ne plus ultra* in negligibility so far as the brides and grooms are concerned.

Journeying down from Washington Heights to get a train to Jersey on a Sunday morning this summer, at the next station after I entered I ran into a happy couple of New Yorkers, who, with their two kiddies, were bound for the seashore.

The usual exchange of pleasantries when deaf meets deaf occurred, and when they left me a very handsome man who sat opposite us, and whose face seemed familiar, asked me in very nice spelling: "Do you know 'Dummy Taylor'?" I told him I did, whereupon he told me that he had visited with the Giants in St. Louis the week before

and Manager McGraw made him get in uniform. The speaker told me it was a great re-union, especially for McGraw, Bresnahan and himself, though, he added while he could spell with the same facility the other two did, he was not as quick at reading Taylor's spelling.

I gave the gentleman my card and asked for his. He searched his pockets and apologized, saying he had forgotten his card case, but handed me the envelope of a special delivery letter with the remark, "I guess this will introduce me," and I read the addressed envelope and found that I was being entertained by one of the real Giants, and the best second baseman of his or most any other time. The envelope read:

"Mr. Larry Doyle,  
N. Y. Giants Baseball Team,  
Polo Grounds, N. Y."

Years and years ago, at the end of a very successful season for the team mentioned above, the Giants were the guests of the management of the old Harlem House on 125th St. After the play, Mr. E. A. Hodgson and this writer dropped into the West End Restaurant across from the theatre, for a chocolate sundae, or whatever was its equivalent in those hectic times. While quaffing the quenchers, a Wall St. broker type of young man asked us the same question asked in the preceding paragraph and when we told him we were personal friends of Mr. Taylor, he told us he would claim us as his friends too, and promptly began entertaining us royally and topped off with cigars at three for fifty, and that only because they were the best to be had in the place. At this point, our host had occasion to remove his hat and Mr. Hodgson exclaimed: Why, it's Roger Bresnahan," and so it was, and we have both had very kind remembrances of the gentleman ever since.

## National Ass'n of the Deaf

16th TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

and

4th World Congress of the Deaf

BUFFALO, N. Y., AUG. 4 TO 9, 1930

This convention will be a triple-barrelled affair. Besides being a World Congress of the Deaf it will celebrate the Golden Anniversary of the N. A. D. and will witness the unveiling of the \$10,000 Abbe de l'Epee statue.

**Come to Buffalo---See Niagara Falls  
Come to Buffalo---See Roycroft Town**

History will be made; come and help us make it. Hotel Reservations can now be made. Write for our attractive FREE folders and literature to

**LOCAL COMMITTEE  
N. A. D. CONVENTION**

Post Office Box 739 Buffalo, N. Y.

# O'Stubbs

By G. S. Williams

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY has decided to remove its headquarters from Washington, D. C., to Atlanta, Georgia.

So says a recent press dispatch.

If this dispatch is correct, Washington, D. C., is likely to lose one of its most picturesque and entertaining characters from its deaf world.

For upwards of twenty years Winfield Elias Marshall, of the class of 1904 of Gallaudet College, has been a valued accountant in the offices of the Southern, therefore it is presumable that he will be moved to Atlanta along with the headquarters, providing he does not protest.

Even if he protests, I suspect much persuasion will be brought to bear upon him to accompany the force with which he has so long worked.

Very early in his service at this office Mr. Marshall made an impression upon the higher-ups.

One day, one of the accountants was unable to balance his books. One after another of his brother accountants was called in, but all fell for the same deceptive little error, which Mr. Marshall afterwards explained to me. Finally, Marshall himself was called in to look over the books. He readily detected the above-mentioned deceptive little error, and was forthwith installed in the good graces of his superiors.

My first recollection of Mr. Marshall is as he turned from scanning the bulletin board just without the men's Reading Room at Gallaudet. Just as Marshall turned, his classmate, Harley Daniel Drake, stepped up and gathered both lapels of Marshall's coat in his left hand. "You are guilty. Clear yourself," demanded Mr. Drake.

Mr. Marshall was not in the least non-plussed. I never saw him so in all our long acquaintance.

Finally Mr. Drake released the coat lapels with a shrug of his shoulders.

Just what that row was about I am still curious to know.

Later I saw and learned much of Mr. Marshall, although we were fellow-students for only one year.

I learned that he was known exclusively as "O'Stubbs" wherever a nickname was applied to him.

Also that, in the days when bike racing was a craze, he had been a rider of such ability that only such men as Eddie Bald, Earl Kiser, and Fred Titus, whom it will take a citizen of mature years to remember as king-pins of bike racing in their day, could make him inhale their dust.

"O'Stubbs" even finished second in an inter-collegiate race with entries of teams from Yale, Harvard and other big universities, despite the fact that these teams used superb team work in pocketing and blocking him while he raced alone and unassisted.

Because of the fact that "O'Stubbs" is a modest person and that the witnesses to his feats of old are scattered, even many in the grave, little of his past performances is known to the present generation.

Mr. Marshall's experience as a bicycle racer made him an unusually valuable manager for the track teams of Gallaudet in his later years at college.

Not only did he know all the angles of getting into prime condition and using diplomacy with the officials, but

also, he was an accomplished masseur, who worked humbly and industriously over his charges in the dressing room.

His career as a manager was wound up at Maryland Oval, Baltimore, Maryland, late in the spring of 1904, where, in one afternoon, he had the satisfaction of seeing Ernest Samuel Mather, his classmate and the track captain of the year, romp home with ludicrous ease to win the quarter-mile championship of the South Atlantic Division of the A. A. U., and to see Clyde Oliver Stevens, '05, breast the tape ahead of five successive fields of sprinters, which included the finals in the 100 and 220 yard dashes.

Just by way of demonstrating his versatility, Marshall entertained an audience of mixed Baltimore and Gallaudet deaf at Glen Gyle that evening with his masterpiece of the sign language, "Yankee Doodle."

It is fitting that this work of art in the line of signs and pantomime is now being preserved among the reels of the N. A. D.

Marshall, in his younger days, was also a superb swimmer. The story goes that in competing in a swimming Marathon, he found himself among the leaders near the finish.

Looking back, he noted that his nearest competitor was going under the breakers instead of mounting them.

Believing the man to be exhausted, Marshall turned back and helped him to the shore, thus abandoning his chances of being among the winners.

On the sands of the bay the rescued swimmer confided his whole story.

He was a Yale graduate. His family had expended much money on him, and, in return, had expected much of him. Upon graduation, he had failed to land good paying employment and, faced by his heavy debts had taken the opportunity to compete in the long-distance swimming contest as the best means of veiling suicide.

What has become of this rescued Yale man. I shall thank Marshall to tell me if he knows.

Marshall was also known, in his Senior year, at least, as one of the three best boxers in college.

He was habitually used as a foil for the late Howe Phelps, who was rated the best glove man the college had seen since Albert F. Adams was in his prime.

Clyde Oliver Stevens stood in the offing as the third man... too easy-going to come forward and show just where he stood among the three.

Mr Marshall's athletic record has long since been lost sight of it seems to me.

Even in my early days at college, he was best known as an actor and a lecturer.

I recall that Mr. Drake, as editor-in-chief of the college magazine, spilled much valuable ink over even more valuable paper, and caused his ink-tracings to be translated into print in the Buff and Blue,—all because Mr. Marshall, as an official of the Athletic Association, had led that organization to advance money to the Dramatic Club, of which he was the president and star actor.

This quarrel, as were all others between these illustrious classmates, was adjusted without bloodshed.

There was some question as to who was the best debator during Mr. Marshall's Senior year, but Marshall, without dispute, was the best sign-maker.



Now, it has always seemed to me that the short, blocky type of human being, whether male or female, is almost invariably a better hand with signs than the lean, nervous person.

Marshall is short and thick-set.

In addition, he is most deliberate in action, which statement may create wonder as to how he managed to attain excellence in swimming and bicycle racing.

It was his mastery of the sign-language that enabled Mr. Marshall to obtain employment as a campaign orator shortly after his graduation.

And it was this stump speaking which landed him his job with the Southern Railway.

Do not jeer at the Southern for being in politics. All big business concerns are in politics. Some of them are even contributing hundreds of thousands to be used against their own interests all "unbeknownst" to themselves.

Something about this Marshall had always puzzled me.

"He looks like a Jap," said all the Co-Eds at Gallaudet.

"He has the cold-blooded deliberation of an Eskimo, besides looking something like one in build and facial features," said his fellow students of his own sex.

All of this puzzled me mightily, . . . until a wise English professor came to my rescue.

This professor wrote the following, and caused it to be printed the world over:

"The early settlers of Ireland were undoubtedly of Eskimo origin. The ground plans of the huts of the earliest known inhabitants of Ireland are identical with those of the snow huts of the Eskimos. In addition, there are clans in both Scotland and Ireland which show characteristics unmistakably Mongolian."

This despite the fact that New Yorkers aver that the Marshall clan is of Irish origin and have inter-married for generations.

This clarified the whole matter.

"O'Stubbs" is guilty. He is Eskimo-Irish. Let him clear himself if he can.

After he was settled down in the office of the Southern, Mr. Marshall continued to entertain the deaf, not only in Washington and near-by cities, but also at many of our national gatherings.

He was chairman of the local committee which so ably handled the Washington convention of the N. A. D. Immediately after this convention, however, he surprised his friends by announcing that he had given his services to his fellow deaf for the last time. He declared that he would now enter upon his career.

As he did not explain what course this career would take, his friends were much mystified.

Their mystification grew as Marshall retired into seclusion and diligently avoided contact with them.

It would seem that his career requires very hard work, for those who have caught an occasional glimpse of him say he has grown very thin.

---

I shall be master of the house in which I live. My will shall be forged in my heart's smith-shop and my soul, if I have a soul, can never say it was ashamed of the house in which it lived. *Anthony.*

---

Miss Wright—What is the degree of the adjective 'closer'?

James S.—That all depends upon the degree of darkness.

## All the Deaf of Dixie

By Claibourne F. Jackson



LISTEN! Do not accept the sectional animosities which a committee of the Dixie Southern Association for the Deaf involuntarily and unconsciously misleads their own friends of Dixie unnecessarily.

At Gannon Falls, Wis., President Coolidge dedicated a monument to Col. William Colvill, Civil War hero, and rendered the dedicatory ceremony. It means the Southerners had better keep the recovery of the new South and forget the day of "sectionalism." The President said: "The day of sectionalism is passed and we are a united nation." Forget the sectional animosities which naturally hinder your own association, the D. A. D., as well as the N. A. D., at the same time. Although the D. A. D. professed to convey friendly greetings to the N. A. D. the Southerners must not think the N. A. D. has suffered no hostile sentiment and sectional animosities everywhere since the first founding of the association in 1880. There has been plenty of sectional animosities and hostile sentiments in the North, East and West. Herbert R. Smoak wrote in the October issue of the *SILENT WORKER* as follows: "In fact, few came from the North to attend the conventions in Atlanta." Well, only two delegates came over from Texas to Atlanta. Of course the N. A. D. never expects many to come a long distance to the convention. The N. A. D. meets in different sections—East, West and Central. The N. A. D. meets in all parts of the country, so all have a chance to be at a convention sometime. Texas or Oklahoma is the certain section where the deaf will come easily and only one delegate came from South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia. Not one from Alabama and Mississippi to Texas. When the N. A. D. convenes at Buffalo in 1929, probably not a visitor will cross the Mississippi River. Better keep off "the day of sectionalism" and accept President Coolidge's statement:

Gannon Falls, Wis.—July 30. President Coolidge came by special train from the summer White House yesterday to dedicate a monument to Col. William Colvill, civil war hero. After delivering an address to thousands gathered here to hear him and to attend the dedicatory ceremony, the President boarded the special train again and returned to Superior, Wis., where he is vacationing. In his address the President emphasized the recovery of the new South, and the common interest of each section of the country in the order. "The day of sectionalism is passed" he said. "We are a united nation." Mr. Coolidge denounced those who "for many years" kept alive sectional animosities for political advantage and declared that era has ended. Otherwise, there was no reference to politics in his Sabbath Day address, the first he has delivered since leaving Washington. He mentioned, however, the uplift of labor after the World War, and significantly recalled the practical unanimity of the North in helping to pass the recent flood control bill for the Mississippi River. "One result of the war (Civil) which retarded our national progress for many years, was the bitterness, hatred and sectional animosities that it left in its wake," he said. For many years both for the North and for the South, they were unfortunately stimulated and kept alive for the political advantage that the sponsor of such action, hoped to secure. The time has long since passed when to hold or express such hostile sentiments should ever be permitted to work to the advantage of anyone. Those who resort to them should find that

their standing in the public confidence is thereby seriously impaired. While isolated outbreaks may continue to occur in irresponsible quarters, I am sure that the responsible elements both in the North and the South each look with pride and satisfaction upon the brilliant contribution which the other is making to the national welfare and are just as eager to keep the other as they are to keep themselves.—*The Havana Evening Telegram.*

"So you were late to school, Bessie?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"Why didn't you run, dear?"

"Because you told me never to deceive, mamma."

"But how would that deceive, my child?"

"It might give some one who saw me running an idea that I was anxious to get there, and I wasn't."

## Alex Lobsinger



GRADUATE of the Ontario School for the Deaf, 1909, at which time he was awarded the only medal for good conduct given in the history of the school; and well has he upheld the faith of the donors. Has held government positions in Canada, where he was also a well-known sportsman in semi-professional hockey, lacrosse, soccer and baseball. For the past six years he has had complete charge of the Printing Department of the Bank of Detroit, where his capability, efficiency and willingness to extend himself have won the admiration and esteem of his employers. Is a member of the N.F.S.D. and one of



Alex. Lobsinger

the mainstays of the Detroit Association of the Deaf, having held offices in both and other local organizations. He has recently been instrumental in securing employment for several of the local deaf.

In appreciation of their faithful and efficient service, he and his charming wife were recently presented with a handsome bridge lamp by the members of the D. A. D., for whose continued success both give unstinted in time and effort. They have one son thirteen years old.



Mrs. Alex. Lobsinger and Leon Laporte

Leon Laporte and Mrs. Alex Lobsinger as they appeared in a striking rendition of the dramatic operetta song "Thunder Waters" at the convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf in July.

Mrs. Lobsinger, being a born musician as well as a talented actress, is without a peer in the field of sign-singing, and her beautiful rendition of "Auld Lang Syne" always moves her audience to tears. On this occasion, she represented the Indian Princess, who, according to legendary custom, had been chosen to go over Niagara Falls in a white, flower-decked canoe; and who, on the eve of her appointed sacrifice, stood near the Falls and sang the song "Thunder Waters, I'll be with you on the morrow."

Mr. Laporte, whose Indian pantomime is unexcelled, represented the Chief. Within the past five years, his costume, which is his own handiwork, has taken twenty-eight prizes and three hundred dollars in cash at the various masquerades.

Both are Belleville graduates but have been popular residents of Detroit for several years.

E. M. E. B.

Rock-a-by Senior, on the tree-top,  
As long as you study your grades will not drop,  
But if you stop digging your standing will fall  
And down will come Senior diploma and all.

Mary C.—What's your brother Floyd in college?

Bobby—A fullback.

Mary C.—I mean in his studies.

Bobb.—Oh, in his studies he's wayback.

# The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill



NOVEMBER, the month of Thanksgiving. For what are we really thankful? Only about six states have paid in their quotas to the E. M. Gallaudet Memorial Fund. They are thankful for the many blessings we deaf folks enjoy, and to show their thankfulness in the proper manner, how about the rest of you folk? Say it with dollars.

\* \* \*

Jimmie Meagher, Flo Lewis, Sara Tredwell, Paul Wys, et al, I apologize to you one and all. The following is not a poem, and no claims are made for it, so I know you all will forgive me this time. Let's hope you can read this limerick.

I went to Louisiana  
For to see my Susieanna,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

A grasshopper sitting on the railroad track.

Picking his teeth with a carpet tack,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

Drove all day, in my Essex car  
Arrived in Monroe, but Susieanna  
wasn't thar,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

Left Louisiana, for R-Can-Saw,  
Razorback here, razorback there,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle all the day.  
Came to a river, and I couldn't get cross,  
So I jumped on a nigger, and I thought he  
was a hoss,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

On the way back home, it began to rain,  
Made me wish I'd traveled on a railroad train,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

Old car soon left the road for a three-foot ditch  
Filled to the brim with mud that was rich,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

Cussed three hours, and along came a truck,  
Wouldn't let him pass, till he pulled me out of the muck,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day—  
Laughing eyes, curly hair,  
Polly-Wolly-Doodle, all the day.

Arrived back home, safe and sound,  
Telling the world that we're sure been around,  
Singing Polly-Wolly-Doodle all the day.  
Found my Susieanna in my own back yard,  
So now I'll stay home for a spell old pard.

Leaving Dallas Sunday morning, July 1, at 5 o'clock A.M., a party of four Dallas deaf folks, set forth for to see what could be seen throughout East and Northern Louis-

iana, Southern and Western Arkansas, with the State conventions of Louisiana, and Arkansas as the magnet that drew us out of hibernation. The first three hours after leaving Dallas were slow in passing, as the family chariot had just been overhauled and was stiff in its joints like a rheumatic uncle, but after stopping at Minola, Texas, for a bite to eat, the old bus began to warm up and soon cities and hamlets were flying by like fence posts.

The roads were even better than the Travel Bureau had informed us, and outside one or two small towns the routes were easily followed. Our first point of interest was Grand Saline, Texas, where one of the world's largest salt mines is located. However, we were bound for Monroe, Louisiana, and meant to get there the same day, and so no stop overs were allowed until we reached Shreveport, La., where we called on Mr. John Lovick, formerly of Temple, Texas, and his beautiful wife, a hearing lady, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tilden Smith, of Waco, Texas. After an hour spent with the Livicks, the journey was resumed, and just out of Shreveport we saw the first accident of the trip when a couple of dusky lovers took their minds off the road and as a result their car going 60 miles an hour in soft gravel, turned a couple of somersaults and stopped up against the side of a telephone pole. From Shreveport to Monroe, about 125 miles was made before sundown, and room secured, everybody took a bath to prepare for the convention which was to meet the next morning.

Early Monday morning, we were all down town and in the lobby of the Hotel Monroe, headquarters of the deaf during the convention, and soon meeting friends, old and new. The first to meet my eyes was none other than Herry J. Soland, Jr., of New Orleans. Soon after breakfast, however, we were introduced to all those present, and everybody lit out for the new Court House, which was by the way one of the most beautiful structures of its kind we have ever seen. The convention business sessions were held in one of the court rooms of this new Court House.

## THE PROGRAM OF THE LOUISIANA CONVENTION Monday July

9. A.M. Convention called to order by President Henry J. Soland.

1. Invocation, Rev. Alexis O. Wilson, of Ft. Worth, Texas.

I will not attempt to give you a detailed report of the Convention business sessions. The greater part of the two days allotted to business were taken up with business of the Association.

Two talks of unusual interest were made. One,



Arthur Chas. Hultene





*A group of Arkansas Peaches, surrounding Mr. James Smith, the hard working chairman during the July 4th Picnic*

"My Experiences as an Oil Driller, covering a period of 20 years, in Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas." By Mr. Joe Moore, of Houston, Texas, and El Dorado, Arkansas, was an interesting narrative, and I hope to later have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Moore to the WORKER readers, in an article dealing with his experiences in the oil fields. Mr. George Dufлот, of Lake Charles, La., was to have delivered an address on his experience as a florist, but unfortunately he became ill and was unable to deliver his address. He was stricken with the flu during the Convention and was unable to give the talk. His illness, however, was not serious as he was, we understand, able to go home and resume his business operations immediately after the Convention. It is with regret that I am unable to tell you how beautifully Mrs. A. Courrege, of Houston, Texas, rendered the song "America." Several years ago I had the great pleasure of witnessing her sign this song, and though I have, in my time, seen such experts in signs-songs as Mrs. Harry Smith, of Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Tom L. Anderson, of Des Moines, Iowa,

and others, I don't believe I ever have witnessed anyone who can equal Mrs. Courrege when it comes to singing on her hands.

Monday night, everyone went out to Monroe's Bathing Beach, which is by the way a curious thing. Being a salt water bathing beach 500 miles inland, and not located at a Salt Lake either, but is located where some parties had drilled for gas and oil, and instead of striking oil or gas, they opened up a salt water well, and Monroe supports an ocean beach without the ocean. Most of the visitors cooled off by taking a plunge in the pool, while those not inclined to swim also cooled off by watching the ones in the water.

Before leaving Monroe I had often heard of its famous Lover's Lane, and Tuesday morning took my party down to see it. This famous place is a two-mile stretch of city street, which has on each side of it trees three and four hundred years old and they have grown so that there is a perpetual shade, the tops of trees having grown together. This place was formerly the driveway of a famous old southern plantation, and the trees



*The Louisiana Convention Assembly*

still bear the marks where a fence was long ago built into the natural fence posts.

The ladies in my party, having attended the Arkansas School for the Deaf, and the Arkansas and Louisiana Conventions, both having decided on July 4th as picnic day, we left the little city of Monroe, at noon the 3rd, driving through to Little Rock before dark, making the 230 miles without mishap of any kind, and up until this time we had not stopped anywhere, except to feed our faces, and fill the car up with gasoline and oil. Wonderful roads, and wonderful scenery; in places, the trees along side of the road made shade all the day long, and at other places we would be riding along on roads built up out of the swamps, with water on each side of us for miles.

It was with a good deal of regret that we left the Louisiana Convention, for we had met many new friends, as well as renewed old acquaintances, and we found the Louisiana folks all to our liking, everyone being of a friendly disposition. But we felt better when most of them assured us they would meet us in Little Rock the next day.

The Louisiana Convention drew visitors from as far west as Los Angeles, California, and altogether there were something like 35 out-of-state visitors.

Arriving at the Arkansas School for the Deaf about 8 o'clock the night of July 3, we were soon shown to our

altogether, one Mr. Hunter Eddington, of Washington, D. C., and another Mr. Tate, of Los Angeles, California, and Mr. Rountree, of Chicago, having travelled the farthest to get there. Mr. Rountree, who drove down in his car, was forced to ferry part of the way on railroad flat cars as flood waters had covered his route,



*Texans attending the Louisiana and Arkansas Conventions. Left to right—Little Kit Hill, Ike B. Ries, of Dallas; Mrs. Al. Speegle, of Barry; B. T. Allison, Dallas; Mrs. Troy Hill, Dallas; Alex. O. Wilson, Ft. Worth; Troy E. Hill, Dallas; Mrs. Joe Moore, Houston; Joe Moore, Jr., and Joe Moore, Houston; a Miss Sullivan, and another youngster still in school whose name is not known to the writer*

but he was satisfied to have arrived to be with his old friends again.

Little Rock, Arkansas, where the State School is located, is a great deal like Austin, Texas, being built upon rolling hilly country, with the State School upon a high hill overlooking the river, and the Senate capital upon another hill.

I didn't attempt to keep a record of all Convention business, and don't think the Association would care to have me print the entire proceedings anyhow, but I noted that both associations have wideawake officials, and are on the lookout for any attempt to bar them of their rights as to driving cars, etc., and the Arkansas Association is up in arms against attempts of politicians to take part of the school grounds from their school.

The Louisiana Convention went on record as favoring the support of the N. A. D. and also the N. F. S. D., as heretofore, and nomenclature was made at either convention as to any other association, so it looks to me as if sentiment, at least Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee, were entirely against the formation of any new



*The Officials of the Louisiana Convention at Monroe. Left to right—G. G. Barham, treasurer.; G. Gainnie, sec'y.; H. J. Soland, Jr., president; Mrs. Gainnie, vice president*

rooms, and settled down for a four-day stay. The Convention meeting at the State School for the Deaf, and through the kindness of Supt. Mrs. Riggs the visitors were allowed to board and room at the school for a very nominal fee, averaging about \$5.00 for the convention period, including all meals.

July 4th was given over to picnicing, and since all picnics are alike more or less I'll try not to take up any of your time in telling you what took place on that day, except to say that the eats were plenty, and everyone had enough, some of the party went off swimming, while others choose to sit around and talk.

The business sessions were much the same as at the Louisiana Convention, but as practically every one of the officers of the Arkansas Convention had moved out of the State, the entire matter of running the Convention was placed upon the capable shoulders of Mr. James Smith, one of the school teachers, Mr. Smith, acting as President, and everything else for a while. Mr. Luther Shibley was appointed temporary secretary help out.

The Arkansas Convention drew about 185 visitors



*Out-of-State Visitors at the Louisiana Convention, Coming from all parts of the country*

association, and since this is practically half of what is called Dixie, I can't see where anyone can rightly claim that the South wants another association.

During the July 4th picnic, Mrs. Ollie Wilkerson Hill rendered in signs "Our Flag," and during one of the

night sessions Miss Ourso, of Louisiana, rendered "America." Both songs were well rendered, but I have to take my hat off to Chas. Athy for his rendition of "Dixie." Chas. whom I have known for sometime as a mighty fine baseball player. He played for me in Akron, Ohio, a long time ago, in some shakes as singer too. And his black face act with the song 'Dixie' was simply immense. I wish he could be with us at the Texas Convention and give us the song next summer, and will make efforts to get him to come up.

As in Louisiana, also in Arkansas, we met many old friends we have known in Washington, Akron, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver and other places, and everyone treated us just fine, everyone being as friendly as could be, and it was with real regret that we started on the homeward journey, early on the morning of July 8. Leaving Little Rock at 4 A.M., and arriving back in Dallas at 8 P.M., exactly 400 mile saway. But alas! our good luck deserted us. We had one flat tire and also met with a hard rain and a darn lot of muddy road—ran off the road twice, wasting three hours in this manner, and finally arrived back home, tired, but happy.

Officers of the Louisiana Convention were:—Mrs. Henry J. Soland, Jr., New Orleans, president; Mr. Joe Daigle, New Orleans, vice-president; Mrs. L. Gaienne, Baton Rouge, second vice-president; Mr. G. Gaienne, Baton Rouge, second vice-president; Mr. ham, Monroe, treasurer.

The Arkansas Officials are:—Luther Shibley, Little Rock, president; Ivan O. Davis, Benton, vice-president; Mrs. James Smith, Little Rock, secretary; Willie Walls, Little Rock, treasurer; Mr. Lee, Little Rock, sergeant-at-arms.

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#### SOMETHING NOT ON THE PROGRAM

A thrill that comes only once in a lifetime, was given many of the visitors to the Arkansas Convention, on Saturday night, July 7th, when at about 10 o'clock P. M. the aurora borealis, or northern lights, came over the northern heavens.

Like a giant theater curtain stretched across the north, its silken folds made brilliant with powerful stage lights, first red, then lavender and finally white, the aurora borealis colored the sky that night and was viewed by all the deaf visitors for fully an hour and a half.

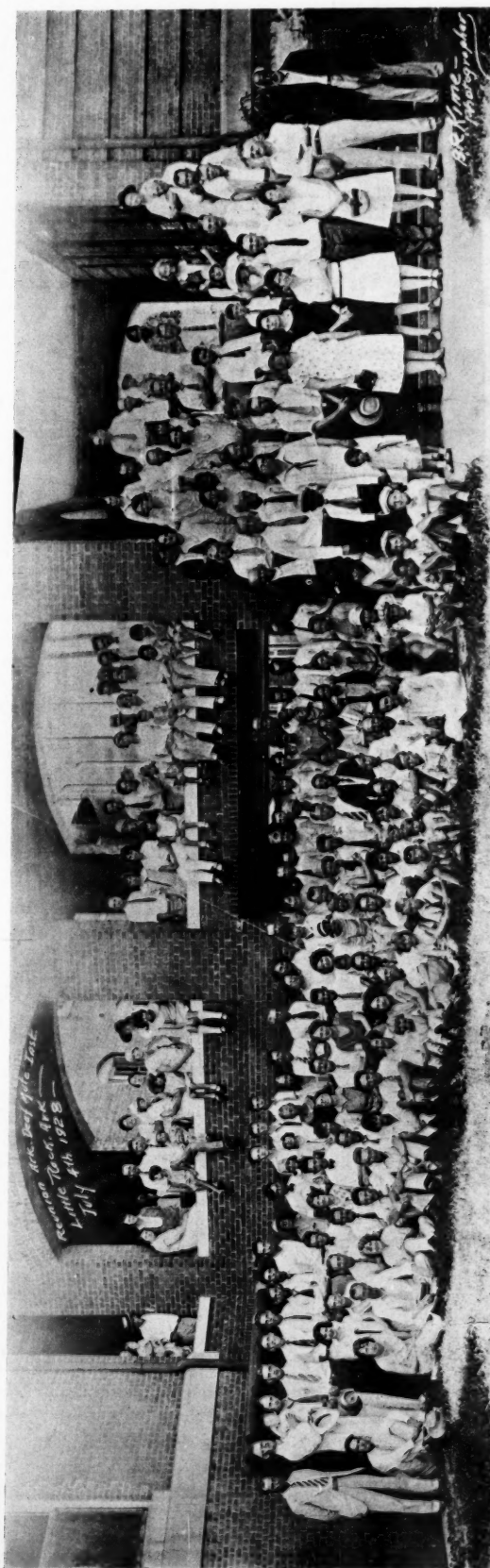
The wide streamers of light forming the folds of the curtain extended skyward in fan shape. There were five of these streamers distinctly visible and numerous others of fainter hue extending alongside the main shafts of lights.

When the display first became visible about 10 o'clock the predominating color was a brilliant carmine. All the colors of the spectrum were apparent, but were subdued except the red. Then the fan-shaped phenomenon faded gradually into orange, brightening after a time. The orange beams then gave way to a glowing purple and finally changed to a pure white.

The display, usually called the northern lights, extended over an area from northwest by north northeast by east.

It presented a remarkable spectacle for the deaf visitors, many of whom had never seen the display before, and a few had only seen it once. It was the first time that such a brilliant showing of the aurora borealis had been viewed from Little Rock. The northern lights were faintly seen there about seven years ago, according to Mr. Jack DeArman, but it was nothing like the last July.

The wide streamers seemed stationary, while tiny beams flickered across and alongside of them like small dancing men. The minute flickers are sometimes called northern heavens.



Reunion of former pupils, Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, July 4, 1928



After viewing this wonderful display, the writer feels that it is useless to try to explain it in writing, it was simply one of Nature's wonders, that leave one with mouth agape and a sinking feeling down where the heart ought to be, and a knowledge of how small we mortals really are. The view alone more than repaid us for our drive to and from Little Rock.

The LONGHORN, has stated before that the columns of the SILENT WORKER, under his heading, are open to news from any and all states in the Southwest,

and this is an invitation to all the deaf people living in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, or any other state in the neighborhood, to send in to the Longhorns' office, care District Clerk's Office, Dallas, Texas, any and all items of interest, pictures, etc., for publication in the SILENT WORKER. I am sure to keep columns of the WORKER open to any and all deaf people who have anything worth writing or printing, and I will be only too glad to receive help from deaf people living in the Southwest.—TROY HILL.

## Buffalo N. A. D. Topics

By A. L. S. and A. D.



HELLO, folx! The Grand Moguls of the Local Committee have appointed me the Miss Information of this Conventionrumpus, and have instructed me to stand by and give you the low-down on Buffalo, western New York and their plans for the Big Week, in the shape of answers to your questions. So shoot the works! Write and ask me any old thing you want to know (except how to pay your bills). I'm here to tell you all I know and nothing else but. But before we begin, I want to warn you shieks and a few others that there are just a few questions I either cannot or will not answer. Don't ask me to make any blind dates for myself—or any other girl; don't ask me, ye love-worn for advice, nor ye matrimonial martyrs, either; and don't—please, p-l-e-a-s-e don't ask me any historical, statistical, technical or personal questions. I don't pretend to be any human encyclopaedia, whatever that is. The dictionary, Watkins! Ah—I see! Well, I ain't one, anyway. All set! Let's go. Why, if they're not a few questions here already! For the luvva Pete, folx, but you sure are prompt, and believe you me, Dot sure does appreciate it. It means meat on her table, you know.

Larry, Rochester—You'd be surprised!

Gus, Kalamazoo—Headquarters of the Local Committee are in the Hotel Statler.

Roughhouse, Rosie—How should I know why he never married, or if its his own hair?

Down-and-Out, Brooklyn—I recommend the Hotel de Gink.

Three Schoolgirls, Council Bluffs—*Le Couteuleux Leader* is the organ of Le Couteuleux St. Mary's School for the Deaf, Buffalo. Without a doubt you could get a sample copy for the asking, but am sorry that I cannot give you the name of the editor. Perhaps he'd appreciate a stamp.

Clayt, Houston—Now, Clayt! Don't ask such a question again—people won't like you!

Twino, New Orleans—James J. Coughlin is our efficient and resourceful Chairman; indeed, Buffalo deafdom owes him a great debt of gratitude, for he is mainly responsible for the fact that our fair city was chosen.

J. E. H., Elmira—Yeah, bring them long. And your mother-in-law, too.

Thirsty, Miami—Buffalo is but the length of the Peace Bridge from Canada; but if you enjoy scenery, too, I recommend the route which'll take you through Niagara Falls.

Great Necker, Long Island—I imagine you must be, from what you write. Yes, we girls know our onions, but, as I said in the beginning, say now, and intend to repeat from henceforth on forevermore—come not to me, ye who seek dates. The boy friend'ud bite my head

off—a great big strapping six-foot-seven butter and egg man of not so very far off.

Shiekic, Los Angeles—Sorry, but I cannot undertake to date you up with a blonde from Saulte Ste. Marie. And why Saulte Ste. Marie in particular?

Lovely Lou, Dubuque—Some poet, you! But this is no matrimonial bureau, which I don't want to have to repeat.

Joe, Toronto—Nor an Advice to the Loveworn Column. Which means that I cannot advise you anent your love-affairs. You should have got an adjustable ring.

Billie, Palo Alto—Rochester is but 65 miles east of Buffalo, and yes, its the home of the now famous "Rochester Method," inaugurated by the late-beloved founder of the Rochester School, Dr. Zenas Freeman Westervelt.

Roycroft Fan—Yes, you'll have ample opportunity to go thru the Shops—an afternoon's excursion thru them topped off by dinner at the Inn, a speech, perhaps by Elbert Hubbard II himself, and a moonlight bus-ride back to Buffalo, is in the wind. But I can't guarantee his autograph for you.

Life Member, Delevan, Wisconsin—So far the Local Committee refuses to give out—even to me!—any details of the "Mystery Feature" which is said to be in the wind. But promise to tell us all about it when details are worked out.

Florence, Rochester—Secretary Sedlowsky comes from the Belleville School—kicked out for necking. I ought to know—it was me.

N. K. L., Montreal—Members of the Executive Committee of the Local Committee are J. T. Coughlin, A. L. Sedlowsky, Sol D. Weil, and Chas. N. Snyder.

Come on, friends, one and all—come on and write. Ask me any old thing you want to, and I'll promise to do my best to answer all questions, excepting those falling under the categories I ferbid above. And remember, please, my address is in care of that big butter and egg man (be still my heart, be still!) of Arcade, C. Allen Dunham.

Azzever, DOROTHY DIMWIT.

Dear Folx:

I'm going to begin this month, publishing my fan-mail, as well as my replies to same, for I know you'll be tickled pink to get such an intimate glimpse of things. Such human interest—such pathos—such heart pangs—as some of my letters contain!

Denver, Colo.

Dear Dorothy Dimwit:

Please give a lonesome lassie the name and address of

Buffalo's most eligible young bachelor, if you want to see her in 1930.

BILLIE.

Billie: Sorry, but I want him myself. I can live if I don't.

Dear Dot: Paducah, Kentucky.

Just to settle a bet, won't you tell us what Buffalo's population in 1690 was?

TWO KENTUCKYIANS.

Two entuckians: In 1690 Buffalo's population was Indians.

Paris, Illinois.

Dear Dorothy:

My wife insists on kissing me in public. I've warned her that if she doesn't stop, I won't bring her to Buffalo in 1930. But even that doesn't seem to make any difference; she says she'll come anyway on the next train. Please advise me.

MATRIMONIAL MARTYR.

Matrimonial Martyr: Warn her again; if that does no good, threaten her; then muzzle her.

London, England.

My Dear Miss Dimwit:  
Had I best bring my flask?  
Cedric: Yes—and contents!

CEDRIC.

Elmira, New York.

Dear Dotty-girl:

Tell us, is there any truth in the report that Mrs. Cal will be our guest of honor?

J. M. A.

J. M. A.: Mrs. Coolidge will receive an invitation to attend the Convention as one of our guests of honor, but has not yet accepted it.

Catalina Island, Calif.

Dear Madame:

Who is the President of the Buffalo Division No. 40, N. F. S. D., and who of the Ladies' Auxiliaries?

R. E. J.

R. E. J.: Frank E. Krahling is at present President of Buffalo Division, and Miss Agnes Palmgren of the Ki-cuwa Club, which is the nearest Buffalo boasts to a Ladies' Auxiliary.

## Horace Williams Buell

This man so mild and meller

Licked John D. Rockefeller—

Back in nineteen-thirteen at Cleveland N. A. D.!

He used his ball and brassie

In custom clean and classy—

Four up on the Oil King, to our glory and our glee!

Horace Williams Buell, a past Grand Officer of the NFSD, averages 85 for 19 holes of golf. Ought to, seeing he learned the game under the personal tutelage of "Chick" Evans, former national amateur champion. Had Buell attended the Denver convention, tall Troy Hill of Texas might not have copped the Grand Fraternal Sweepstakes with his meager 93 at Troutdale.

Born in Burlington, Iowa, 1881. Graduated from the Iowa school in 1900. Ever since then—up to last spring—worked in Chicago as bookkeeper, auditor of accounts, etc. An "old timer" in fratdom—certificate number 285, joining in 1906. Served two complete terms as one of the three Grand Trustees—1912 to 1918. When Chicago's Silent A. C.

bought its magnificent clubhouse in 1919, floating a \$25,000 bond issue, Buell bought bonds number one and two. Was a member of the Sportsmens Club of America when it disbanded during the war. This was the big political-athletic organization of Chicago then.

Buell is a grandson of General Buell—remembered for the Bragg-Buell campaign during the Civil War. On his Mother's side he is descended from U. S. President John Quincy Adams, and from Roger Williams—founder of Rhode Island. That accounts for his middle name, Williams. His mother belongs to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In 1924 he married Miss Beulah Benton Christal (ex-'08, Gallaudet College) of Denton, Texas. A son, Horace Christal Buell, was born to the couple last December. Present address: % Lakewood Country Club, Ralston, Neb.

Buell was born in Burlington—

That's out Iowa way;

His wife was born one Texan morn—

A cow-girl glad and gay;

In "Chi" was born their tiny pet.

How is it that those three folks met?

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

## Smile

*" 'Tis easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows along like a song,  
But the men worth while is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."*

WILLIAM WERNER, the young man who sterilizes and washes all glass in which Chicago Blue Ribbon products are packed, is a man who might have inspired the poet to write the afore mentioned verse. Being born deaf and dumb losing the sight of one eye, having the small finger of his right hand amputated, undergoing two operations for hernia and one for appendicitis, have not taken the smile from Willie's face. With the sign language, he tells his fellow workers that one of his greatest pleasures in life is to smile and see the reflection in the countenance of the recipient. Willie is worldly wise and has taught us many things in his humble way, which have been greatly appreciated. One of them is to smile no matter what happens; nothing's so bad that it couldn't be worse.—*Wallie Lund in The Postum Magazine, July, 1928*



Never was a man born who did not make a mistake. Never was a man born who did not long for companionship, nor never did a man make a mistake when he sought companionship.—*Anthony.*

Customer—"What is the price of beef?"

Butcher—"Fifty cents a pound."

Customer—"It's tough to pay fifty cents for beef."

Butcher—"Yes, but it's tougher to pay twenty-five."



Our Greatest Mother  
+ *JOIN!* +



# Of Interest to the Housewife

(Tested Recipes by courtesy of Recipe Service Co., of Philadelphia)

By Betty Barclay

## TUNA FISH SALAD

- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon mustard
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 1 egg
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- ¾ cup water
- 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 cup tuna fish
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup pimiento stuffed olives

Make salad dressing by mixing salt, mustard and paprika, and stirring in egg and melted butter. Add ¾ cup water and lemon juice and heat over hot water to boiling point. Add gelatine which has been softened in ¼ cup cold water. Cool and add shredded tuna fish, celery and finely-sliced olives. Turn into individual molds and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with celery tips. Serve with mayonnaise.

## MOTHER'S LUNCH SANDWICH

- 12 slices bread
- butter
- 1 cup puffed raisins
- ½ cup chopped Bermuda onion
- mayonnaise
- 4 slices roast veal
- lettuce

Heat food chopper in boiling water and put raisins through using medium cutter, then put onions through. Moisten to a paste with mayonnaise and add salt and pepper to taste. Toast bread to a golden brown on both sides. For one sandwich, butter 1 side of 1 slice of toast, spread with one-fourth of raisin and onion mixture. On this place a second slice of buttered toast; next a slice of roast veal, then a leaf of lettuce, dried with a clean cloth, then spread lettuce lightly with mayonnaise. On top place the third slice of buttered toast. Cut in halves diagonally, through all layers. Arrange on a plate with a garnish of ripe olives, or slices of tomato. This recipe provides for 4 three-decker sandwiches.

## MILK GRAVY

The flavor of gravies made from roasted, broiled or fried meats or chicken is greatly improved by adding milk instead of water. (If there is a large amount of fat, most of it should be removed before adding the flour or milk.) This is suggested as another way of using the quart of milk needed for each person daily.

## ORANGE SANDWICH BREAD

- 3 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup chopped walnuts
- ½ cup candied orange peel, chopped
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg

Sift dry ingredients. Add nuts and orange peel. Add milk with well-beaten egg. Put into greased bread pan, let stand 10 minutes, then bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 45 minutes.

## FRUIT BUTTER ICING

- 1½ cups sifted powdered sugar
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 4 to 6 tablespoons orange juice

Add 3 tablespoons of the orange juice to the sugar slowly, stirring constantly. Add melted butter and then enough additional orange juice to make of proper consistency to spread.

## ORANGE MILK SHERBET

- 1½ cups sugar
- 1½ cups orange juice
- 3 cups milk

Add the strained orange juice to the sugar; add milk and freeze.

## CHOCOLATE JUNKET ICE CREAM

- 2 junket tablets
- 1 quart milk
- ½ pint cream
- 1 square chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 tablespoon cold water

Mix the chocolate, 1 tablespoon of the sugar, and about 3 tablespoons hot water and stir over the fire to a smooth paste. Add milk, rest of sugar, and vanilla. Warm until lukewarm, not hot, then dissolve junket tablets in the cold water and add to milk mixture. Stir a moment, then pour immediately into the freezer can and let stand in a warm room until firm—about 20 minutes. Place can in freezer and freeze to a thick mush slowly, then finish freezing rapidly.

## GOLDEN SAUCE

- 2 eggs
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- grated rind ½ lemon
- 2 tablespoons orange juice

Beat yolk of eggs until thick, beat in 2 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice and rind and orange juice and cook over hot water until thick and creamy. Beat whites of eggs until light; add remaining sugar; add to first mixture and cook 1 minute. Cool, stirring occasionally.

## CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

- ONE
- 1 medium can tomatoes
- ½ onion
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- ½ tsp. soda
- TWO
- 1 quart milk
- ½ c. flour
- 4 tbsps. butter
- ½ tsp. salt

Cook together tomato, onion, sugar for 15 minutes. Strain, then add soda. Make cream sauce by melting butter, then add flour. Stir until thoroughly mixed, add milk, one-third at a time, stirring to avoid lumps. Cook until the raw taste is gone. Just before serving and while hot combine ONE and TWO by pouring the tomato mixture into the cream sauce. "Whipped cream on top."

## AS IT SHOULD BE COCOA

- 1 cup cocoa
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups water
- few grains salt
- milk

Mix cocoa, sugar, salt; add water, and cook until a smooth, thick paste is formed. If convenient, allow to cook a long time, thirty minutes or more, in a double boiler to improve the flavor. For one cup of cocoa use one tablespoon of this paste in 1 cup hot milk. Do not boil the milk and cocoa together.

This paste may be put in the refrigerator or a cool place and kept for a week or more. Making a larger quantity saves time and gas. It insures cocoa of a better flavor and a food more easily digested than when made hurriedly.

# The Deaf World

Certain strange and inappropriate gestures have crept into the sign-language of the deaf, just as there are local idioms and slang phrases in spoken English. A recent editorial in the *Deaf-Mute's Journal*, a weekly newspaper for the deaf, thinks it possible that the language has deteriorated from the weight of many such colloquialisms and excrescences. The editor commends and encourages any literary society which will "take up the effort to preserve the language of signs in all its clarity and beauty of expression, as it was first taught in America, and carry on the heritage.—*Silent Missionary*.

Oliver Bonetti, graduate of the Berkeley school, has managed a large dairy and raised pigs successfully for two years on a part of his mother's ranch containing four thousand acres, fourteen miles from here or eighteen to San Jose. He owns forty-five cows and thirty calves and fifty pigs and hogs. He has sold twelve fat hogs to a butcher, and agreed to dispose of nine more to him in August. His flock of calves will be increased to fifty-five in September and October. Who beats him in California? Oliver has purchased a new "Delaval Milker," and finds it saves him several hours to use it. The whole outfit cost him \$475 but it pays very well when one owns so many cows.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

## MUTES STAGE FASHION SHOW.

A fashion show by and for deaf students of Gallaudet College of Washington, D. C. was successfully carried out as an example of vocation training for afflicted girls. Four scenes were staged, and attire from street to evening clothes was shown.—*Kansas City Star*.

## PRINTERS ON OUTING

The seventh annual outing of the employees of Clark W. Clayton's printery of 28 Bang avenue, was held yesterday in the form of a fishing party.

Leaving Forked river early in the morning on the yacht "Matilda," the anglers intended going out into the ocean for blues, but were forced down by the heavy seas to remain in the inlet. Here, however, they made a profitable catch.

Dundon, foreman of the composing department, won the prize for the largest fish caught while Clark Clayton made the biggest haul. Frederick Davis caught the only bluefish.

Others who enjoyed the trip were John Davis, C. H. Falardeau and Ralph Burtis.—*Asbury Park Evening Press*, Sept. 17, 1928.

## A "PRIZE PUPIL"

Cooper Union, New York, has a "prize pupil" who, beginning in 1919, has taken every prize in design offered by the art school. Moreover, because it is a rule that one cannot win the same prize twice, she has received her concours mention nine times. And she is still attending Cooper Union, despite

the fact that she already begun to win recognition by her sculpture of babies. Her name is Mrs. Louise Wilder, her husband is an animal sculptor, and she is deaf. The latter fact has made her "good copy" for the newspapers, and recently she got a lot of space. She said:

"Having been deaf for fourteen years I have learned to work entirely by myself, never hearing the disturbing noise that bother so many artists in the big cities. While others must go to the country for solitude, I have it wherever I am....When critics discuss my work, I miss most of the... comments...."  
—*The Art Digest*, September, 1928.

## A DEAF AGE COMING.

MODERN DINS AND HEARING PEOPLE WHO NEGLECT THEIR EARS

Are we becoming deaf through the constant noises of modern life?

Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, inspector in music in training colleges, lecturing at the summer course in music teaching at Oxford, said that "though most of our senses have developed, the sense of hearing has dropped behind and has become somewhat blunted."

Mr. A. J. Story, secretary of the National Institute for the Deaf, told a reporter to-day that he was inclined to agree with this statement.

"I was told by a well-known medical man the other day," he added, "that one-third of the population of this country are suffering more or less from deafness."

"There is no doubt that the noise of everyday life with its traffic and other noisy components, has affected the hearing of many of us."

"It is quite true to say that thousands of people are yearly becoming deaf because they neglect their ears. If they were to consult a specialist immediately their hearing become affected in the same way as they do their eyes or throat, I am convinced that there would be far less permanent deafness in the world."

A West-End aurist said, "People are becoming more deaf, and I think that if things go on there will be a very real danger in time."

"The noise of traffic and the general din of everyday life is mainly responsible."—*Belfast Telegraph*.

## CHESTER HEINRICHS KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Chester Heinrichs, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Heinrichs living near Burdett died this morning from a fractured skull sustained Sunday in an automobile accident with Percy Astle of Haven. The body was taken to the Heinrichs home for burial.

Heinrichs and Astle, both deaf, were coming to Hutchinson from Haven Sunday afternoon in the Astle car, Mr. Astle driving. The car was travelling at a high rate of speed it is said and when a pocket of loose sand was hit, the car turned two somersaults before stopping. Astle was cut and Heinrich was seen to be seriously injured. He was rushed to Grace Hospital for treatment.

Chester, whose untimely passing is recorded in the above clipping from an Atchison newspaper, was a pupil at our school for many years until he finished his course last June. He was a likeable boy, modest and dependable, always ready with a helping hand whenever any opportunity arose for him to assist in any student activities. He was an especially apt pupil in the carpenter shop, being one of the most promising of the students in this department. Among the boys and girls of the school he counted every one as a friend. His passing is felt as a loss by all, and sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.—*Kansas Star*.

## WE CAN DO IT

A score of years ago a young graduate came out of Gallaudet College with no trade but with a good general education and a firm character. He went home, set out to look for work but conditions were not favorable at that time. He applied for a position in some school for the deaf but there were no vacancies. Three long hot months passed by without any developments. Bob, the nickname of our subject, wanted to go to some technical school but did not have the funds. Rather desperate over his future, he strolled one day into the shoe-repairing shop of an old friend for some sympathy. In the course of their conversation the old deaf cobbler remarked that he had more shoes to repair than he could do and that he wished he had a little money to equip his shop with modern machinery. Here Bob saw his chance and upon learning that he was welcome to partnership on an investment of five hundred dollars, he hurried out to get a loan. Fortunately he has an aunt who after much persuasion was willing to endorse a bank note. In less than two weeks the old shop was equipped and the business begun under the name, "The Service Shoe Shop." Bob had a thousand business cards printed with catchy business mottos such as "Work Neatly Done" and "Call For and Delivery Service." These he handed out to friends—Bob was known to everybody from the street-cleaner to the mayor—and these friends were pleased to see him in business and assured him of their patronage. From the very first day the Service Shoe Shop enjoyed a fast increasing production and it was not long before Bob had to move to larger quarters up town to meet the demands. A shoe-polishing parlor was added, and later two more shops in suburban sections. Attached to every pair of shoes repaired was a tag with this on it: "If you are pleased, tell others."

Today our friend, Bob, is doing a \$25,000 business a year and keeps saying how grateful he is for the training he has received from his alma mater.

This is but one instance of what quite a number of our deaf people are doing today. In Birmingham a deaf man, formerly a teacher in a state school, is doing a \$30,000 rubber stamp and printing business all his own. In a Florida city there is a good-paying barber-shop owned by a deaf man. In another city a deaf man runs a successful jewelry business.

All of this testifies to the fact that any deaf man who has had proper training and possessing the nerve can make good in many of the business lines that their hearing brothers are pursuing. It is a fact that hearing friends usually prefer to patronize a deserving deaf man, not out of mercy, but rather out of appreciation of his spirit to fight against odds.

It is hoped that this little article will give hope and inspiration to many deaf people to venture out into business lines. At the same time they should be careful and find out first if they have enough general education and determination to carry on successfully that which they undertake.—*The Deaf Carolinian.*

#### THE SUCCESS OF A BUSINESS MAN

What success I've had in the weaving business is due chiefly to expert workmanship and careful selection of color, and that I turned out nothing but clean woven rugs. At Christmas I feature rugs as gifts and make and sell them at sight right off the loom.

To every customer who comes to my office inquiring about rugs and prices, I tell them of Maysville Warp, its strength, its color and that it has been on the market for 75 years. It helps me to sell rugs.

While there are many ways of getting yourself acquainted with the prospect such as printed matter, signs and house-to-house canvassing, I have found the most effective method to be a small classified advertisement in the newspaper. This reaches every home on the island six times a week and is a "go-getter." At a cost of a few cents a day it brings me excellent results. Then once a year I run a large advertisement in the regular advertising columns of the paper. To get other publicity I usually donate a small rag rug to some charity bazaar or lodge, placing my card of compliments on it. I have found this also an excellent method of getting business, and can trace any number of sales to it. But by all means use the newspapers.

No matter how poorly the material turned over to me is prepared I always adjust it and put into each rug the best workmanship of which I am capable. I likewise give myself plenty of time for each rug, use good judgment in selecting the colors, and do not put too much in the same place. The result is that out of the thousands of yards of rugs which I have turned out from my looms not one yard has ever come back. All went out, not only to stay but also to get repeat orders.

Next to my expert workmanship I class in importance my clean shop. I keep it free of any litter of hazards and each week give my looms a thorough overhauling. The cleaner you have your place, the more prominent the people you will get as customers. I have also found it helpful to show my customers the operation of the looms which today are the last word in rug looms.

Usually weaving is at a standstill during the summer months. This enables me to make up ahead a large supply of stock rugs and store them away for the coming fall and Christmas business which always keep me rushing. Since the Maysville Guild was organized I have secured many out-of-town customers who in turn sent their friends as customers.

Four years ago I started with practically nothing. Today I have a fine

weaving establishment worth about \$1,000, money in the bank, and am happy because I am my own boss and can come and go when I please.—*Anthony Zachmann in the Shuttle.*

#### CONFIDENCE NEEDED

They are very apt to be suspicious, timid, depressed, self-isolated, and sometimes sullen. It is the task of the employment secretary to instill confidence, optimism, and courage in these people the problem of finding them employment is taken up. With Juniors it has been found that the difficulty is in making them realize the bumps in the road before them, because never having tried their hand at working they are likely to plunge in without taking account of their handicap and have discouraging, embittering experiences in the formative period of their lives.

Employment secretaries say that it is much more difficult to find suitable work for the well educated and well trained persons who are hard of hearing than it is for the uneducated, for brawn can work with deafened ears much easier than brain can. Indeed, a man may grow old in any number of mechanical tasks, with increasing deafness causing him practically no inconvenience at all. —*Clipped.*

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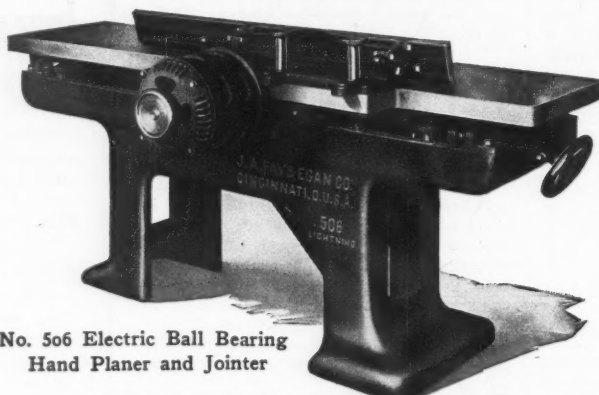
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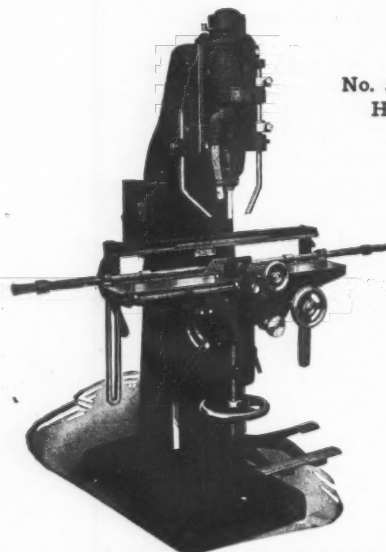
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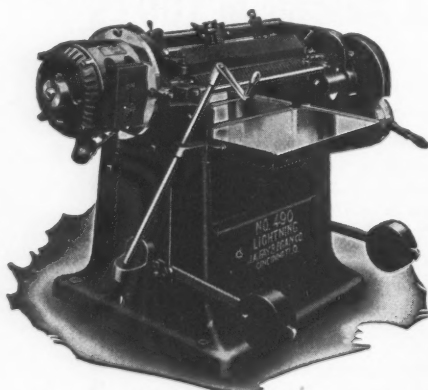


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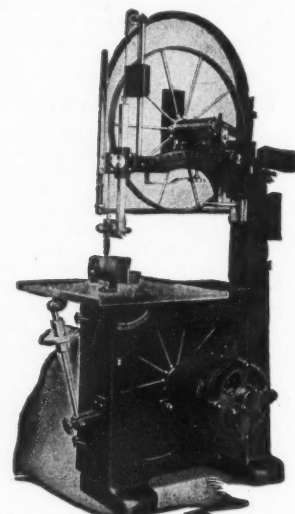
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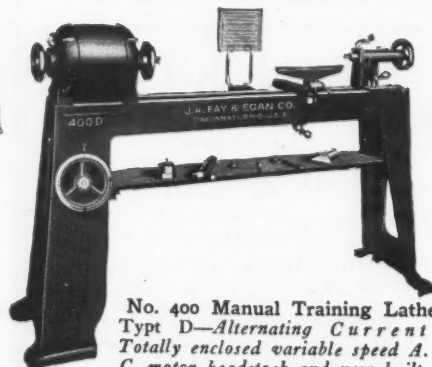
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